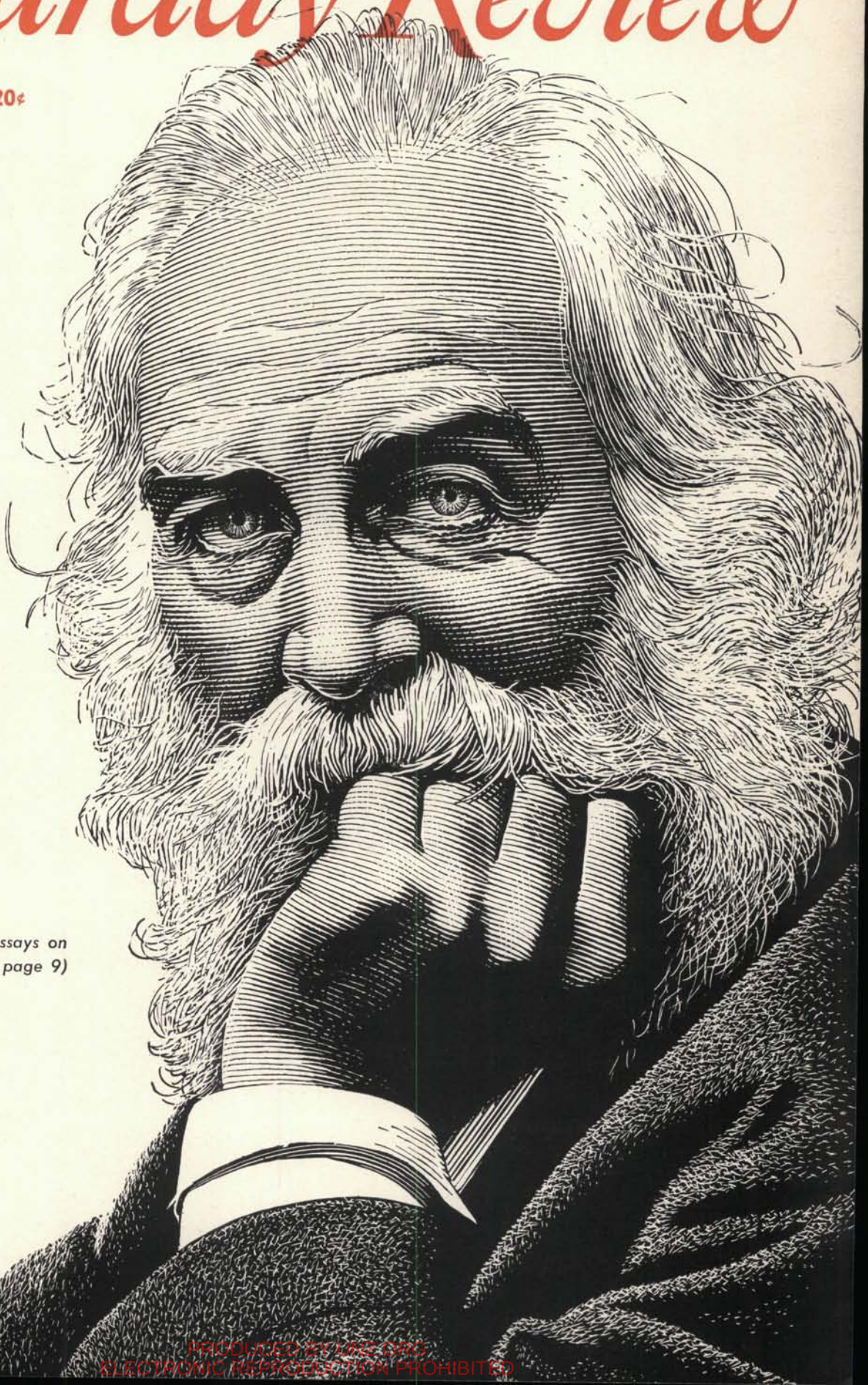
Saturday Review

BRUARY 5, 1955 / 20¢

ETURN TO
TEGRITY
Edgar Ansel Mowrer

EW
OOKS AT
ALT
HITMAN

ew biography and book of essays on
rica's Good Gray Poet. (See page 9)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★

THE AMERICAN BOOK PUBLISHERS COUNCIL
THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION
THE BOOK MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE

take pride in announcing the winners of the

★

1955 National Book Award GOLD MEDALS

★

FICTION

WILLIAM FAULKNER *for* A Fable

NON-FICTION

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH *for* The Measure of Man

POETRY

WALLACE STEVENS *for* The collected Poems of Wallace Stevens

***Special Citation for Poetry to* E. E. CUMMINGS *for* Poems: 1923—1954**

★

The winner in each field was selected by the following judges:

Fiction

MALCOLM COWLEY
PAUL ENGLE
ELIZABETH JANEWAY
WALLACE STEGNER
ROBERT PENN WARREN

Non-fiction

PAUL BIXLER
ARTHUR A. HOUGHTON, JR.
EDGAR JOHNSON
GERALD W. JOHNSON
WILLIAM L. SHIRER

Poetry

OSCAR CARGILL
RICHARD EBERHART
DUDLEY FITTS
RANDALL JARRELL
CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

★

The National Book Award is an annual event in which the American book industry has united to honor American authors.

★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 5, 1955

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

SR/IDEAS

7 RETURN TO INTEGRITY, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer

10 NEW LOOKS AT WALT WHITMAN

22 THE DEVIL'S BARGAIN BASEMENT: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

9 THE SOLITARY SINGER, by Gay Wilson Allen
Reviewed by Floyd Stovall

12 ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by André Maurois
Reviewed by Henri Peyre

13 ACT OF GOD, by Margaret Kennedy
Reviewed by Lillian de la Torre

14 THE SULTAN AND THE LADY, by Eric Linklater
Reviewed by John Frederick Muehl

14 THE FOUR WINDS, by David Beaty
Reviewed by Daniel B. Dodson

15 AMONG THE DAUGHTERS, by Angna Enters
An Essay-Review by Harrison Smith

16 HUBERTUS, by Edgar Mittelholzer
Reviewed by Selden Rodman

16 SIR HENRY, by Robert Nathan
Reviewed by Charles Lee

17 BEETHOVEN AND HIS NEPHEW, by Editha and Richard Sterba
Reviewed by George Simpson

18 THE MOZART HANDBOOK, edited by Louis Biancolli
Reviewed by Karl Geiringer

19 FIVE WINDOWS INTO THE THIRD REICH
An Essay-Review by Fritz Stern

20 STUDIES IN THE SCOPE AND METHOD OF "THE AUTHORITARIAN PERSONALITY," edited by Richard Christie and Marie Jahoda
Reviewed by Morris L. Ernst

21 MATHEMATICAL THINKING IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, edited by Paul Lazarsfeld
Reviewed by Murray G. Murphey

35 GOTHIC PAINTING, by Jacques Dupont and Cesare Gnudi
Reviewed by Martin Weinberger

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

8 LITERARY I.Q.

23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

24 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman

25 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow

26 TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace

27 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

28 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

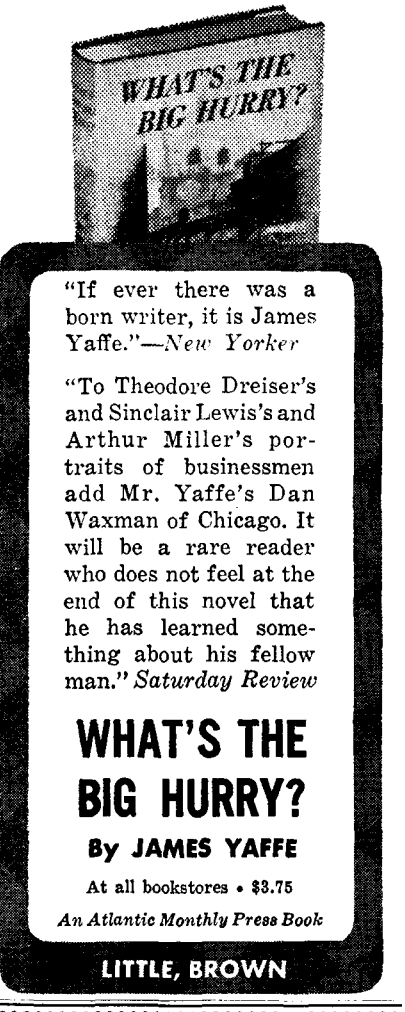
34 THE FINE ARTS, by James Thrall Soby

38 LITERARY CRYPT

43 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1089

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 6, Feb. 5, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.


WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?
"If ever there was a born writer, it is James Yaffe."—*New Yorker*
"To Theodore Dreiser's and Sinclair Lewis's and Arthur Miller's portraits of businessmen add Mr. Yaffe's Dan Waxman of Chicago. It will be a rare reader who does not feel at the end of this novel that he has learned something about his fellow man." *Saturday Review*
WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?
By JAMES YAFFE
At all bookstores • $3.75
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN

Now Available in Reprints

The Point About Schweitzer

A Saturday Review Editorial

Now, in response to reader request, reprints are available of the editorial "The Point About Schweitzer" from the October 2, 1954 issue of The Saturday Review.

"The Point About Schweitzer" has been handsomely reprinted in a four-page brochure. The back cover of the brochure contains the "Litany for Modern Man," by Norman Cousins, another editorial for which there has been strong reader demand for reprints.

Single Copies . . . . . 10 cents
50 or more copies . 6 cents each

Write to Dept. 12A

The Saturday Review
25 W. 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The latest psychosomatic findings on

- *EXCESS WEIGHT*
- *CANCER*
- *GYNECOLOGY*
- *DENTAL TROUBLE*
- *SURGERY*
- *CHILD CARE*
- *CHRONIC ILLNESS*
- *STERILITY*
- *ARTHRITIS*

are included in the **new enlarged edition** of

Mind & Body

by Flanders Dunbar, M.D.

The bestselling book on how the mind and body affect each other in sickness and in health. "The author writes authoritatively as the pioneer of the subject . . . The style is simple and non-technical . . . Highly recommended." —*Journal Amer. Medical Assoc.*

$3.50. RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

OCCULT SCIENCE . . .

By Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer

Occult Science, teachings of the Ancient Magi, simplified so as to be readily understood.

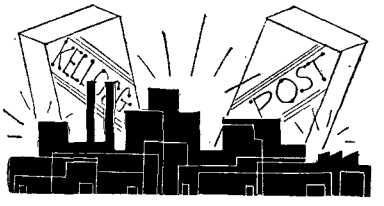
Dr. Clymer shows that Occult Science is the pathway to success on all planes of being, physical and spiritual, and helps man to awaken the hidden forces *within* himself which free him from enslavement of any kind. Just published! Send today! **$4.00** postpaid.

Philosophical Publishing Co. Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

TRADE Winds

AMERICAN HERITAGE, a magazine in book form devoted to making the country's past seem real and alive, is off to a brave start. If editor Bruce Catton can maintain the pace in the five additional volumes planned for 1955, the venture should be on a firm footing by the end of the year. Highlights for me in Volume One were the memory-evoking illustrations, in full color, of the old Fall River Line, and an excerpt from the taped memoirs of the late Albert Lasker, dean of modern advertising.

ALBERT LASKER WAS in the autumn of a crowded lifetime when I came to know him well. He would sit in the sun at the edge of the La Quinta pool, and



quietly retell stories of his early adventures and triumphs—great companies he had helped launch, campaigns he had initiated, crises he had surmounted. Lasker helped save big-league baseball by urging the appointment of Judge Landis as "czar" after the Black Sox scandal had rocked the sporting world. He built the Lord and Thomas agency from a hole in the wall to a power in the land. He was instrumental in developing for the American Tobacco Company the biggest-selling cigarette brand in history (Lucky Strikes). Furthermore, instinctively recognizing a good thing when he saw it, Lasker had demanded common stock in lieu of cash for his fee every time he was in on the launching of a new enterprise, thus amassing a portfolio worth many millions in the span of two decades.

Lasker's first advertising scoop was scored in Battle Creek, where, at the turn of the century, a Doctor Kellogg and an ex-patient named C. W. Post vied with each other in the production of newfangled breakfast foods. The brands they introduced, furthermore, were so successful, fanned by Albert Lasker's inspired advertising, that suddenly, in 1903, Battle Creek found itself in the middle of a fantastic boom in cereal foods, comparable to oil and real-estate bonanzas that followed in other parts of the country. Grains were soon puffing, popping, and exploding all over Battle Creek, a food-company stocks soared. The l comers, as usual, were wiped when the inevitable day of reckoni dawned, but Kellogg, Post, and Lask were launched for good on the road vast fortunes.

ONE NIGHT in Palm Beach, Lasker, w loathed professional gambling, w lured to a casino by an importa client who promised "we'll stay o an hour at the most." By the ti Lasker persuaded his friend to home the sun was high in the heave the friend had lost $300,000, and La ker had frittered away almost as mu But this was in the never-never da of 1928. The friend phoned Lask some days later with a hot stoc market tip, and both men recoup their losses inside a week!

LASKER WAS, with the exception "Pat" Weaver, now a top man at NB the only advertising executive w could cope with the vagaries of t tobacco tycoon whose peccadillos we travestied so hilariously in Fred Wakeman's "The Hucksters." This t coon could yell very loudly, but La ker always could top him. Wh Lasker tired of the game the field w strewn with unfortunate success who tried to step into his shoes.

I recall the story of one ad man w fell into the habit of stopping outs the grounds of a lunatic asylum on way to the Darien station every mor ing. An inmate who fancied himsel big-league mound star was wont warm up near the barbed-wire fen pitching his head off with an ima nary baseball. "Why," asked a frie "are you studying that unfortun fellow's antics so closely?" "Two m

weeks on that tobacco account," e plained the ad man tensely, "and be in there catching for him."

One of Lasker's last achievemer performed principally for diversi was to mastermind the Pepsod Company, and make its name a hou hold word by engaging a then v tually unknown young comic nam Bob Hope to star in its sponso

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lo show. He also introduced to ericans the dubious blessing of time radio serials.

ad he lived Albert Lasker might e written the definitive work on development of big-time advertis- in America. As it is, the fragment *American Heritage* will have to ce—unless the intimates to whom confided other parts of the story be persuaded to pool their in- nation.

IARKED CONTRAST to Albert Lasker's natic promotional flair were the -pressure advertising methods of Eastman Kodak Company, whose wling plant occupies block after k in Rochester, New York. Its founder, George Eastman, helped e that community one of the t prosperous and cultured in the l. So much are his numerous ts and benefactions appreciated in e parts, in fact, that when a not- complimentary novel, vaguely d on his career, was published last r the influential people of Roches- by common consent, gave it the

t treatment, always the sure way ill a book. An author can weather most damning criticisms, but he is royed when he is ignored com- ely. The author of the book in stion happens to be one of the t accomplished and best-liked lemen in Rochester. Nor has his k affected his popularity in the test degree. His friends simply end he never wrote it.

NG THE STRIKING personalities who inate Rochester's cultural life to- are Kyrie Gannett, the dynamic irresistible wife of the colossus of ate newspaper publishing; Paul er, one of the country's outstand- editors; Dr. C. W. de Kiewiet, ident of the expanding Univer- of Rochester, and champion of cation with a world viewpoint; k Ellingson, president of the ous Rochester Institute of Tech- gy; Jim Spinning, who runs a quiz show for the Rochester and Electric Company that de- es national recognition; ace col- ists Howard Hosmer and Henry e; Erich Leinsdorf, famed conduc- of the Rochester Symphony Or- tra, Dr. William Saunders, head he Colgate Divinity School; and old Hacker, who has breathed new

BORZOI BOOKS

Announcing a new series of biographies

GREAT LIVES IN BRIEF

As entertaining as fiction, as in rmative as bulkier volumes, as authoritative as the reputations of their wr ers, these biographies are not intended for specialists, but for intelligent a.lults who have a sound curiosity about the lives and accomplishments of notable people. They are for those readers for whom an encyclopedic account is too brief and too dry, a "standard" 500-page biography too esoteric and too detailed.

They are for a large and discerning class of readers who prefer a true but lively story to an invented one. Each presents in brief the many facets of a great life. Each is written by a well-known author with accuracy, brevity, and clarity. And each is reasonably priced. Multum in parvo—much in little —is the aim of "Great Lives in Brief."

The first five titles:

ANDRÉ MAUROIS—***Alexandre Dumas.*** A gay and debonair figure, Dumas flourished in the romantic era of Victor Hugo, George Sand and Balzac, making his life his greatest masterpiece. Readers of Maurois' *Lélia* know what to expect here: wonderful story-telling, a masterful style, and a remarkable knowledge of the period. *Translated by Jack Palmer White.*

RUMER GODDEN—***Hans Christian Andersen.*** An utterly charming "rags-to-riches" biography about the world's best-loved writer of fairy tales, by the author of *Black Narcissus* and *A Candle for St. Jude.*

VINCENT SHEEAN—***Mahatma Gandhi.*** An illuminating biography of the saint-like man whose words and actions rocked India, the British Empire, and the world, which Mr. Sheean is well-equipped to write because of his long and close personal acquaintance with the Mahatma.

RUTH MOORE—***Charles Darwin.*** Everyone knows something about Darwin's greatest scientific achievements, but few know of the charm and gentleness of the man or of the adventure and drama present in his life. The author of *Man, Time, & Fossils* here sets this captivating personality down as boy, man, scientist, husband, and father.

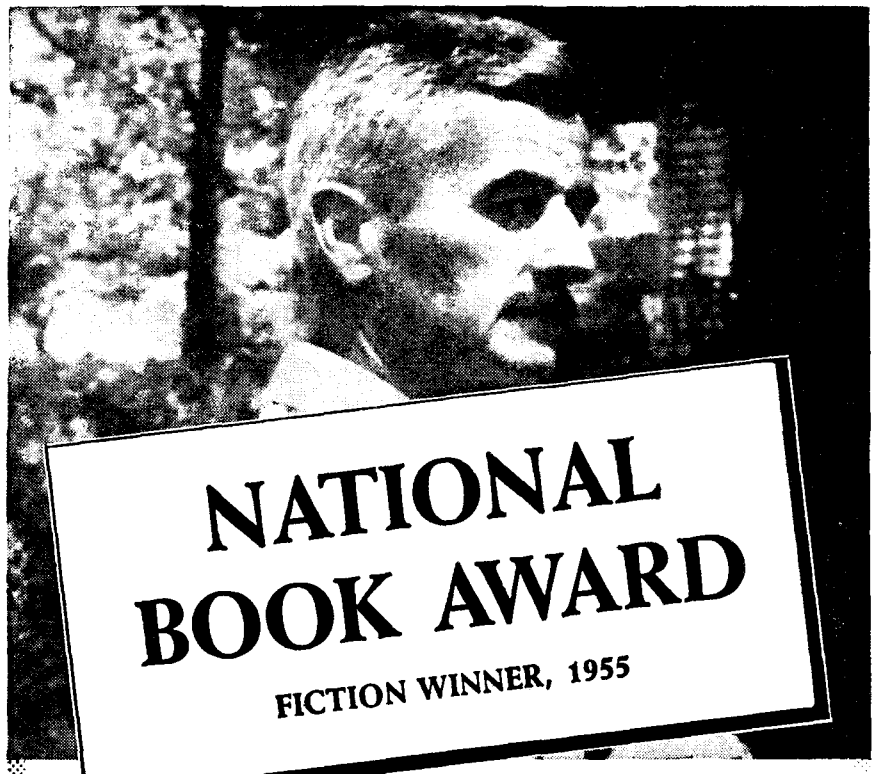
ROGER BURLINGAME—***Henry Ford.*** The hero of mass production brilliantly portrayed as a lonely, unlettered, contradictory, intuitive genius by Roger Burlingame, author of many books about American technology and mass production.

Jackets designed by Warren Chappell—Typography and bindings designed by W. A. Dwiggins. Additional titles in preparation

$2.50 each at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

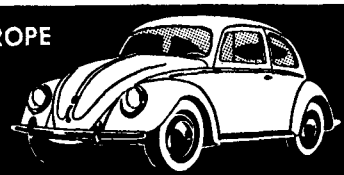


NATIONAL BOOK AWARD
FICTION WINNER, 1955

William Faulkner's
MASTERPIECE
A Fable

$4.75 AT ALL BOOKSTORES
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

EUROPE VIA VOLKSWAGEN



No. 1 car in Europe ...U.S. sales,* too.

* *imported car sales, of course.*

Make your tour carefree and memorable . . . These features make VOLKSWAGEN number one: 35 miles per gallon; room for 4 adults and luggage, an 8 pass. model, too; V.W. service everywhere; high resale in dollars. Write Dept. S11 for further details.

WORLD-WIDE AUTOMOBILES Corp.
302 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1, CH 4-4655

$1130. del. any city in Germany. Other European cities slightly higher.

EFFECTIVE COMMUNICATION—

IN FACE-TO-FACE RELATIONSHIPS
A practical short course that will help you successfully solve daily problems.

AARON LEVENSTEIN
Directing Editor, Human Relations Div., Research Institute of America. *8 Wed. Evenings. Begins Feb. 16. Fee $25. Enroll by mail or in person. Send for Complete Announcement.*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
B'way at 116 St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461

Publish Your Book

We will publish, promote, advertise and distribute your book. We are rated officially among the 10 largest leading publishers in the U.S. Our successful plan insures prompt publication. Manuscript reports in one week. No obligation.

Send for free Brochure 8 for details.

Pageant Press, Inc. 130 W. 42nd St., N.Y.

life into the spacious Public Library. Meeting people of this caliber make a Rochester engagement a highlight in any lecturer's year.

SPEAKING OF PUBLIC libraries, the magnificent central library in Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn, is finally nearing completion, after interminable delays. Spearheading the activities at not only this great structure but some fifty additional branches, bookmobiles, and

outlying temporary havens for book lovers are two of the most remarkable people in library work today: Francis R. St. John, and his lovely assistant Mildred Young. Obviously, both of them could be making five times the salaries they draw in library work that they choose to devote their talents and energies to modernizing and expanding the library service in Brooklyn is a boon to that borough that to few citizens appreciate.

The central library in Brooklyn could serve efficiently four times the number of citizens who avail themselves of the many treasures and diversions it has to offer. That goes for most other public libraries in America today. If people will not patronize their libraries properly, and encourage the wonderful people who work therein, is it any wonder that legislators slash library budgets, and that disillusioned, underpaid workers drift off to other fields of endeavor?

WHEN WERE YOU in your neighborhood public library last? Have you any idea what programs it is sponsoring today, whether or not the proper new books are being added to its shelves, or if the local librarians are being paid a living wage? Do your children get the kick out of being a library member that you did when you were young?

If not, how about dropping around one day soon and getting reacquainted? —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1088)

TOM GATCH, JR.:
KING JULIAN

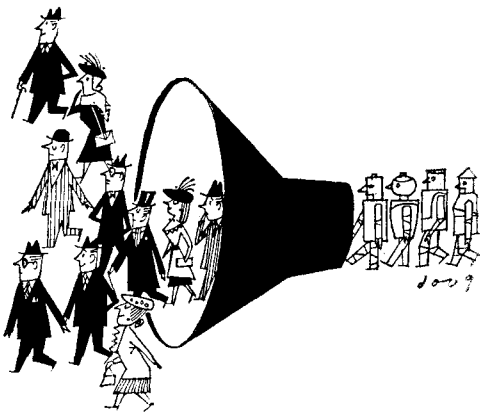
Julian would never forget what his grandfather—king when Julian was a boy—once said: "Everyone loves, but . . . often they love only themselves and find romance in a mirror or make an oracle of their own tongue."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 5, 1955

RETURN TO INTEGRITY



By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

A frequent contributor to SR, *Edgar Ansel Mowrer studied philosophy at the University of Chicago and the Sorbonne before becoming a famous war correspondent, chief of bureau, broadcaster, and author. Unlike his most recent book, "Challenge and Decision" (1950), in this article he deals in detail with a relatively recent American development which—if unchecked—will prejudice our international status and capacity.*

IN GETTING rid of Hitler, the American people paid heavily. They seem ready, if necessary, o stake their all in resisting Mal-nkov.

Yet, in view of what is going on n the United States, one inevitably vonders *why*. Here freeborn Ameri-ans are letting themselves be half lragooned, half enticed, in the di-ection of the very regimes they op-ose abroad.

I refer of course to the trend to-vards a *herd state* of which the es-ence is the denial of supreme value o the human individual. Such a lenial was the kernel of the unla-nented Nazi regime. It inspires both he cold inhumanity and the tyranny of the USSR. It is the most "un-American" of possible societies.

The United States was originally dedicated to the preservation not only of national independence but of personal pre-eminence within the national state. If, however, the American can be further bullied or educated or bribed into renouncing his individuality, then it becomes hard to explain his hostility to governments based upon mass anonymity.

And—in my opinion—it is towards such a hateful renunciation, rather than towards any wonderful new "mass democracy," that we are moving.

To put it bluntly: to remain truly free, American (indeed, Occidental) society will have to reverse the "adjustment" trend. It will have to erect a wall against further encroachment on the personal field by the three monsters: Big Government, Big Business, and Big Labor. It will have to "de-group" (individualize) its social life. It may have to pit against excessive standardization the maxim: "Never urge people to do together what the self-reliant among them can do better alone."

Such a reversal will seem as radical as making the old Chicago River run backwards away from Lake Michigan—and as necessary to the general health.

Most of the impersonal factors of our times seem to block any such reversal. Today's very real national peril urges us not to loosen but to close the ranks. Economic interdependence cries out for yet more standardization of product. Mass communications both require and promote uniformity of minds. So a generation ago did the need for "Americanizing" the foreigners in our midst. So increasingly do the monstrously swelling populations of our own and other countries.

So particularly does the perverse persistence of our educators and intellectuals in urging surrender to the forces making for depersonalization.

True, eighteenth-century American society, unquestionably the most civilized our country has ever known, pivoted on its outstanding individuals. But average Americans, long before the emergence of the mass-making factors, seem to have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intolerant of individualism. Tocqueville noticed this over a century ago and warned against the tyranny of a majority.

By 1918 the NEA Report on the Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education stated the following:

"The purpose of democracy is so to organize society that each member may develop his personality primarily through activities designed for the *well-being of his fellow members and of society as a whole*" (my italics).

TODAY, little effort at developing the member's personality remains. No, the modern disciple of "Dynamic Functional Learning," according to John Haverstick [*SR* Sept. 11, 1954], even in teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic "stresses not proficiency in these elementary skills but instead the adjustment of the individual to the group in which he lives."

Joseph Wood Krutch found school consultants advising against giving a baby a hobby horse which "does not develop the group spirit." David Riesman—the invaluable reporter of the integration epidemic—tells of the mother who will not let John play the piano as much as he likes because she "wants to keep him a normal boy." Today's teacher—writes Riesman—conveys to the children that what matters is not their industry in learning but "their adjustment to the group." Today—he concludes—"all little pigs go to market; none stay home; all have roast beef if any do and all say 'wee wee'" and (I might add) all emit the same grunts about the necessity of eliminating from the gang those "who stand up or stand out in any direction."

The social results are already alarming. No less an authority than the Administration has taken the lead in enforcing not only political but moral and social conformity upon its millions of employes. It may be—though many doubt—that the omnipresent Communist conspiracy in our midst requires the existence of an outspoken political police to cope with it. It may be that our safety requires every Government employe to bare his entire life and personality to official inquisitors under pain of dismissal. It may be that there is nothing funny in having a Secretary of State order himself to be "investigated" in order to justify a similar investigation of all those who work for him and for us. But no other democratic state has yet found it necessary to imitate the United States in this respect. Right or wrong, a society every member of which is encouraged to spy and report upon every other member has gone a long way towards the "one-outlook" (if not the one-party") state. What more sta tling symptom of "total adjustmen could one find?

MOREOVER, the U.S. Governme has succumbed to another, perha allied form of the "integration" mani

It is called "collective thinkin Telephone any Government executi in business hours and you will pro ably be told that he is "at a meetin For he spends most of his time meetings. Most important Governme decisions get taken—when they g taken—only after endless, most aimless discussion in the name something like the "sense of the mee ing"—if any! It is not only that t presumably responsible top man li tens to his more competent assistan (obviously he should). It is that aft listening he frequently shirks h responsibility and makes the "D partment" responsible. What preva is not the highest, wisest, bolde view, but the highest common bureau cratic denominator.

Some corporations are trying "integrate" employes' private live Riesman states that "up-to-date pe sonnel directors are weeding out commerce and industry the lone wo who is not cooperative, no matt what his gifts."

A recent "etiquette column" co firms this. It quotes "several thou sand employers" as stating that "t commonest reason for firing er ployes" is not—as sanity would inf —incompetence. No, it is the "inabili to get along with people"!

The potential Fords and Ediso and Firestones—if they manage pass the preposterous "personali testers" and are hired—soon get t gate. The nonentities and yes-bo stay and are promoted. As a resu we have a new class of big-busine directors who are less outstandi than the corporations they boss.

Labor unions have more excus Perhaps in order to bring America to the point where they could organized for their own good in disciplined unions they had to b come "integration incarnate." Pe haps the organizers had to drive o any notion of competing with or e celling one's fellows and hammer t "stiffs" into practically interchang able units. The fact remains that certain plants conformity and t elimination of personal ambition ha robbed the job of most of its intere —with results yet to appear.

Or look at our "mass media." T to sell a manuscript to a radio cha a motion-picture company, or a po ular magazine. Who finally passes your work? The boss? No, your st is passed around among a dozen ec

(*Continued on page* 38)

Your Literary I. Q.

FIVE BY FIVE

Conducted by John T. Winterich

There are, as every schoolgirl knows, ten syllables in an iambic pentameter line. But sometimes a poet is in a hurry and compresses five of those syllables into a single word. Below are ten lines so circumstanced. You are asked to identify the works from which the quotations are taken and the authors as well. If you get fewer than ten of the twenty pieces of information sought, regard the result as reprehensible; if from eleven through fifteen, as intermediate; if sixteen or better, as panegyrical. Answers on page 37.

1. Procrastination is the thief of time.
2. Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
   And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
3. Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.
4. As if predestination overruled
   Their will, disposed by absolute decree.
5. A man known in the councils of the nation,
   Cool, and quite English, imperturbable.
6. . . . and of . . .
   The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
   Do grow beneath their shoulders.
7. All in prefabricated ruin lies,
   And Ganymede gives notice in the skies.
8. Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
   Whose night congratulating conscience cheers.
9. Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
   Of covered pits, unfathomably deep.
10. . . . his rough crest he rears
    And pricks up his predestinating ears.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Good, Gray Poet

'he Solitary Singer: A Critical ography of Walt Whitman," by y Wilson Allen (Macmillan. 616 $8), is a full, scholarly biography the great American poet, published the centennial year of the publica- n of "Leaves of Grass." It is reviewed Professor Floyd Stovall of the Uni- sity of North Carolina, editor of 'alt Whitman: Representative Selec- ns" in the American Writer Series.

· Floyd Stovall

N THIS centennial year of the publication of Walt Whitman's first edition of "Leaves of Grass" have for the first time a full, tual, objective, and scholarly rec- l of the poet's life and work. In ge measure his work is his life. is has been recognized by biog- hers since 1866, when W. D. Connor's eulogistic "Good Gray et" appeared, and 1867, when John rroughs, with Whitman's help, pared his "Notes on Walt Whit- n as Poet and Person." Whitman nself said of "Leaves of Grass," ho touches this touches man," and boast is as nearly true as such a tement can be.

Few people noticed that quaint thin arto in green and gold binding, h the frontispiece portrait of the hor in a nonchalant pose, the lyr- l prose-poem preface, and the elve untitled and provocative po- s that followed. Nothing like it l been seen before. Yet, though ndemned by most, it did not go appreciated. Emerson received a y, recommended it to his friends, l wrote the author a letter of en- sement that has become one of the st famous literary documents in erica. Whitman was "set up" by and the next year published a sec- l edition with about twenty new poems. Other editions, continually enlarged and revised, appeared in 1860, 1867, 1871, 1876, 1881, and 1892, besides a considerable body of prose writing—prefaces, criticism, and reminiscences—that is acknowledged to have literary worth. Emerson's enthusiasm cooled as these later books appeared, but Whitman found other, though less distinguished, friends, and when he died in 1892 he was already famous.

Whitman's unconventional verse forms and his uninhibited celebration of sex no longer offend readers as they did in the nineteenth century, but his symbolism and his metaphysical themes stand as a barrier still to the sympathies of many. On the other hand, his bold affirmation of democratic ideals, his tender lyrics of friendship and spiritual aspiration, and his acceptance of modern science have won for him a wide though discriminating audience in the twentieth century both in this country and abroad.

Three stages may be distinguished in the development of the American temper. The first is the rational individualism inherited from eighteenth-century Europe; the second is the romantic idealism, sometimes refined and sometimes crude, that was characteristic of the decades before the Civil War; and the third is the worship of practical science, with its consequent power, that began to be dominant in the latter half of the past century. Whitman binds these three together in his own temperament and in his work.

Early biographers of Whitman—O'Connor, Burroughs, and even Dr. R. M. Bucke, whose "Walt Whitman," in 1883, was the first book-length biography—wrote as intimate friends and disciples. Much the same can be said of all writers who discussed Whitman at length until 1906, when Bliss Perry's objective and perhaps unsympathetic biography offended the "Whitmaniacs." Among the many biographies published since then the best are those of Emory Holloway (1926) and Henry Seidel Canby (1943), though neither treats Whitman with that fulness and meticulous documentation which the scholar requires. Hundreds of biographical fragments have been turned up, large and small, many of which have not until now been collected. Certainly

THE AUTHOR: Since a scholar's passions are apt to dance in slow, shy roundelays through the meadows of Academe before bursting into fruition it is hardly surprising that at one time Professor Gay Wilson Allen did not care much for Walt Whitman's poetry. Then, in 1929, he read an essay on "Leaves of Grass." Four years later, the spirit fusing, the passion gathering, Allen published his first Whitman essay, "Biblical Analogies for Walt Whitman's Prosody." In 1946, after more essays and a Whitman bibliography, he put together the "Walt Whitman Handbook," which astounded its author by getting front-page notices. By 1949 he was at work on "The Solitary Singer," which was produced in four years with as many revisions. The roundelay done, the passion gathered, Allen nevertheless is still belt-deep in Whitman: In January he gave a talk on Whitman at the Library of Congress and edited the first of four Whitman newsletters. Early this spring he will publish, with C. T. Davis, a critical selection of Whitman's poems, as well as an anthology of critical essays, one of which is from Japan, where twelve translations of "Leaves of Grass" have been run off since the last war. A tall, thin, slightly stooped man of fifty-two, Allen wears horn-rimmed glasses and an immaculate brush mustache, laughs easily, speaks quickly, and looks, all in all, like a finer-hewn version of Robert Sherwood. Born in Lake Junaluska, N. C., the son of a millwright, he attended Duke and the University of Wisconsin, and taught at several Midwestern colleges before joining NYU in 1946, where he is a professor of English. Allen lives in Oradell, N. J., with his wife, whom he married in 1929, a cat, and a collection of over 1,000 volumes of Whitmania. He grows vegetables and chrysanthemums, dislikes his first name, and hopes, when the year is done, that he can get on with other interests, which include Hemingway, Faulkner, modern American criticism, and Carl Sandburg, whose poetry he considers not at all like that of his supposed progenitor, Walt Whitman. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time was ripe by 1955 for something like a definitive work.

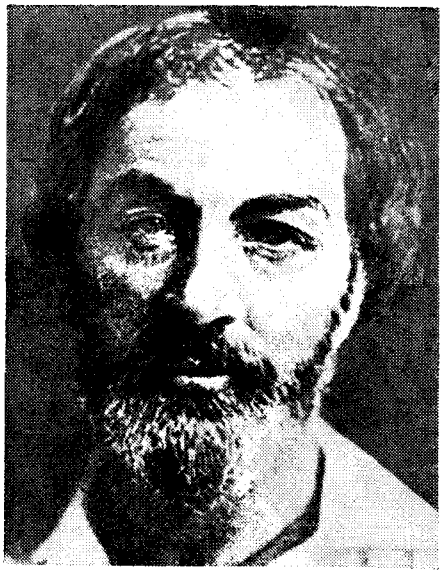
Professor Gay Wilson Allen is well qualified to produce a biography suited to the needs of students and scholars. His "Walt Whitman Handbook" has for nearly ten years been an indispensable tool for all serious students. "The Solitary Singer" is by far the most detailed and thorough biography of Whitman so far published, a straightforward narrative of events, personal and literary, in the life of the poet from birth to death. It seems unlikely that future discoveries will alter the story materially. It does not settle all questions, nor does it pretend to do so, but it suggests clues, wherever they are known to exist, that may lead to solutions.

WHITMAN'S publications are discussed in their chronological order and individual pieces are briefly interpreted, but few evaluative judgments are advanced. The emphasis is on the narrative, as it should be, and criticism is introduced chiefly for the light it throws on biography. Professor Allen has in general, though not always, avoided the trap into which some recent biographers have fallen: citing the poems as autobiographical statements of fact.

The most knotty problem in Whitman biography is the question of his alleged homosexuality. The poems grouped under the subtitle "Calamus" have been interpreted by European critics, and some Americans, as confessions by the poet of a passionate erotic attachment to another man, or perhaps to more than one, and they have been cited in support of certain inconclusive evidence from the letters and notebooks that Whitman was "perturbed" from time to time by homosexual tendencies, which he struggled to overcome. Professor Allen's handling of this tricky subject is in the main objective, and yet it seems to me that he often intimates a stronger belief in the homosexual theory than he is willing to affirm.

If the reader is looking for anything sensational, however, he will be disappointed. The style is unimaginative but adequate; there are no flourishes, yet the book is readable and well balanced. Whitman's life is properly set against the social and political events of his time, and the relationship of these events to the poet's work is clearly represented. One sees Whitman as a man of his time, dedicated to the writing of poetry, but participating fully in the life about him. It is safe to say that this book comes as near to being a definitive biography as any that is likely to be written in the immediate future.

New Looks at Walt Whitman



The young poet—"a prophetic blessing."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Around July 4, 1855 (critics never have been able to pin down the exact day), there went on sale in New York an anonymous book of poems which was destined to become one of the most controversial and widely-admired works of American art. Walt Whitman, an author who was still to grow the great beard by which he is remembered today, helped set type for his own book and paid for most of the printing himself. To celebrate the centennial of "Leaves of Grass" *SR* prints excerpts from two new books on the Good Gray Poet: **"The Solitary Singer,"** by Gay Wilson Allen (see page 9; excerpts in italics); and **"Leaves of Grass—One Hundred Years After,"** edited by Milton Hindus, with essays by William Carlos Williams, Richard Chase, Leslie A. Fiedler, Kenneth Burke, David Daiches, and J. Middleton Murry (Stanford University Press, $5: excerpts in Roman).

• [IN 1825 GENERAL LAFAYETTE *visited Brooklyn and took part in the cornerstone ceremonies of the Apprentices' Library.*] *It is not certain whether little Walt* [*at age six*] *had yet begun to attend public school, but he was a Sunday-school pupil, and he marched with the children* [*in the procession*]. *At the location of the projected library the stone and dirt excavated for the foundation walls and basement had been piled high on all sides, and many of the men in the crowd volunteered to lift the smaller children down th banks of the cellar in order to plac them in positions where they coul hear and see in safety. Lafayett joined in this assistance of the chil dren, and Walt had the good luck t be picked up and carried by "the ol companion of Washington." The ex perience lingered in the boy's mem ory, and as he grew older it took o symbolical significance. After he be came a poet he wrote three separat versions of it, in the later version adding a kiss from the general as prophetic blessing.*

• LIKE OTHER MODERN WRITERS, Whit man found it temperamentally pleas urable as well as strategically neces sary to interpose a half-ironic imag of himself between the world and tha profound part of his personality whic hated figure and likeness—the uncon scious mind with its spontaneous, law less, poetic impulses. He invented nc one but several public personalities- the worldly, dandified young metro politan journalist of the 1840s; th homely, Christlike carpenter and radi cal of the early 1850s; the full-bearde sunburned, clean-limbed, vigorousl sexed, burly common man of th later Fifties and early Sixties; the mal nurse and good gray poet of the Wash ington period; the sage of Camden an the late years. —RICHARD CHASE.

• ONE EVENING [*at his Springfield la office*] *Lincoln took the book* ["*Leave of Grass*"] *home with him, and whe he returned it next morning he re marked that he "had barely saved from being purified by fire by th women." (Probably Whittier's cop was not the only one that did peris in that fashion.) At Lincoln's reque the book was left on a table in th office, and we are told that he fre quently picked it up and read alou from it.*

• AT THE PRESENT MOMENT man Western Europeans, who have a emotional and intellectual loyalty t the ideal of the free society, a tempted to be a little dubious towar America's claim to be its prototyp To them the activities of Senator M Carthy loom large and ominous. The should remember that Whitman him self passed through many momen of despondence in the days of th carpetbaggers and afterwards. He t cried: "These savage, wolfish parti

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alarm me—owning no law but their own will, more and more combative, less and less tolerant of the idea of ensemble and equal brotherhood, the perfect equality of the States, the ever overarching American ideas." Nevertheless, Whitman held to his faith that these ugly and depressing manifestations were like the grim growing pains of the ideal, inseparable from the process of the working out of a high destiny in a mass of common humanity.

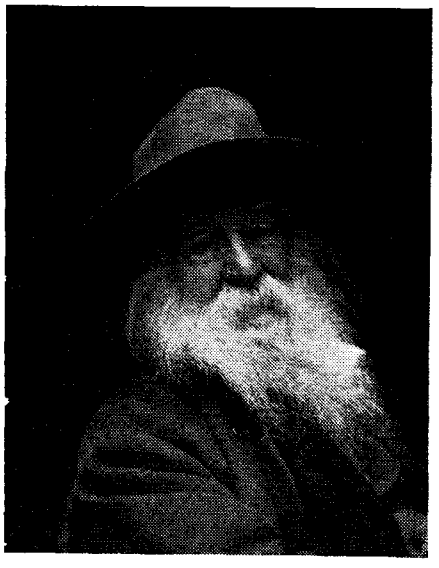
—J. Middleton Murry.

• Thoreau and Whitman *were temperamentally so different that it is surprising they got along as well as they did. But, despite Alcott's impression that they did not trust each other, each had a simplicity and frankness that the other respected. Whitman told Traubel that once Thoreau "got to the house while I was out—went straight to the kitchen where my dear mother was baking some cakes—took the cakes hot from the oven. He was always doing things of the plain sort—without fuss." Whitman also remembered that "several times" (perhaps there were more visits than those recorded) Thoreau walked with him the two miles from the Whitman home to the ferry and this made a favorable impression on Walt. Thoreau, however, was outspoken and caustic. On his first visit to the poet he called the unfavorable critics of "Leaves of Grass" "reprobates," and Walt thought this too severe.*

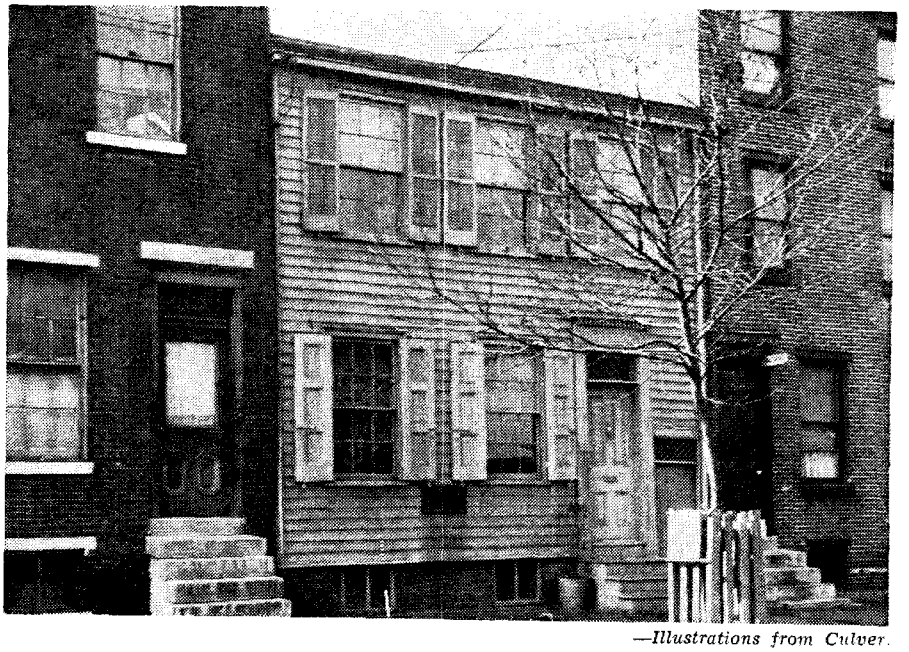
• Until the final pattern becomes clear to all and the self-confident sterilities of this cynical age are overcome, each defender of Whitman must resign himself to being a part of the garrison of a besieged stronghold with dwindling resources and no sign of relief. He will need something that Napoleon referred to as "three o'clock in the morning courage." Those alone will remain steadfast to the end who feel as Whitman did that the future belongs to them and who have that rocklike reassurance from which alone can spring the invincible accents heard in every syllable of the lines from "Song of Myself":

My foothold is tennoned and mortised in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the Amplitude of time.

—Milton Hindus.



In old age—"held to his faith."



—*Illustrations from Culver.*

Whitman's Camden (N.J.) home—". . . I know the Amplitude of time'."

• Whitman's language *and his thinking were awkward, partly because he was pioneering and partly because he was not naturally facile with logic; but with sustained originality and insight he was in his writings on Democracy exploring problems and presenting empirical answers that actually gave a preview of the main course of American philosophy for the next century, for what was this theory of "Democracy" but the forerunner of William James's "Pluralism" and John Dewey's "Pragmatism"?*

• Whitman was a rhetorician and a poseur, and these are bad words in modern criticism. But there are good and bad ways of being rhetorical, and good and bad ways of posing. In his best poetry Whitman's rhetoric was a device for expanding lyrical impressionism into epic design, and his posing was a means of giving moral scope to his observations.

—David Daiches.

• In January [1892] *Whitman rallied, and he lingered until March 26. Most of this time he suffered excruciating pain, but the doctors, his nurse, and his few visitors marveled that he did not complain, though towards the last he expressed the wish that death would soon relieve him. Throughout these weeks of pain and waiting letters and cables arrived almost every day from Europe and various parts of the United States. These were read to Whitman, and sometimes he dictated messages in reply. Traubel kept Dr. Johnston and J. W. Wallace informed. Wallace closed his record of these communications with this summary: "On the evening of Saturday, March 26—the daylight fading and a gentle rain falling outside—the end came, simply and peacefully—Whitman conscious to the last, calm and undisturbed, his right hand resting in that of Horace Traubel."*

• His duplicity is, I feel, a peculiarly American duplicity, that doubleness of our self-consciousness which our enemies too easily call hypocrisy, but which arises from our belief that what we dream rather than what we are is our essential truth. The Booster and the Pharisee are the standard caricatures of the American double man, and Whitman was both Booster and Pharisee. Condemned to play the Lusty Innocent, the Noble Savage, by a literary tradition that had invented his country before he inhabited it, Whitman had no defenses. The whole Western world demanded of him the lie in which we have been catching him out, the image of America in which we no longer believe; the whole world cried to him, "Be the Bard we can only dream! Chant the freedom we have imagined as if it were real!"

—Leslie A. Fiedler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beloved Colossus

"Alexandre Dumas," by Andre Maurois *(translated by Jack Palmer White. Alfred A. Knopf. 198 pp. $2.50), a volume in the Great Lives in Brief Series, tells the story of the French writer who fathered five to six hundred volumes. Henri Peyre, who reviews it here, is professor of French literature at Yale University.*

By Henri Peyre

THERE was a time when the French romantics could appear as languid and effeminate decadents, as emasculate weaklings powerless to stand up to the great classical masters and resorting, *faute de mieux*, to the imitation of foreign models. A saner and more enlightened view of the French writers born around 1800 depicts them today as colossi endowed with a prodigious vitality. Lamartine certainly never was a whining quire boy; love letters recently published show proud Vigny entering into a liaison after the age of sixty; Hugo's notebooks, in which he cryptically recorded every one of his amorous feats, deciphered last year in Paris, show him to have remained a "surmâle" up to the age of eighty-three. Balzac, Gautier, Michelet were just as indefatigable. But Alexandre Dumas, the grandson of a marquis and of a Negro slave, the son of one of Napoleon's generals, was truly a force of nature. He is probably the most prolific of French writers (with five to six hundred volumes to his credit) and he remains the most lovable character in his century.

His adventurous life has often been told, but never with the concise skill, the adroitness, and the vividness displayed here by André Maurois. Maurois was never at his best in his biographies of truly great writers, such as Shelley, Hugo, or Proust, whose life could not be divorced from the analysis of their works. On the contrary, George Sand, whose unorthodox life holds more fascination for us than her novels, offered a splendid opportunity to the author of "Lélia." This biography of Dumas is much briefer and even more entertaining. Relevant or significant details and revealing anecdotes are selected with much tact. The biographer has ransacked scholarly works and contemporary documents to elucidate some episodes, to discover an entertaining love letter, a witticism, a rejoinder in an imaginary dialogue. The moot problem of what share of originality is to be granted Dumas after justice is done to his "factory" of collaborators, is wisely settled, in favor of Dumas, who alone had the naturalness of tone, the colorful touch, and the naivete to make his dramas and novels spring to life and move a naive public. The book is written with gusto, as becomes a book on the author of "The Three Musketeers," and is excellently translated. If Dumas' life is a novel out of Dumas, this entertaining biography reads like an abridged Dumas story.

Dumas suffered from a serious literary fault, which French critics have unforgivingly denounced: shallow analysis of character. Mature readers, conditioned by Dostoievsky and Proust, require today more psychological complexity than "Monte Cristo" and "The Black Tulip" ever laid claim to. The man himself was not complex. "My father is a great big baby that I had when I was very young," said of him his own son, who never forgave his father, or society, for his own illegitimacy and atoned for his father's sins through writing preaching and reforming dramas. Dumas père, the legendary prodigal father, summarily educated, childishly and inordinately conceited, extravagant, vulgar, kindly, unaware of the tortuous intricacies of the human heart, was an eminently sympathetic hero. Indeed, none of his 120 successive (and occasionally syncopated) mistresses ever bore him a grudge for his legendary infidelities.

But, in spite of the French critics' reluctance to admit it, Dumas also had a form of genius. He succeeded, even better than Walter Scott and Balzac, in incorporating history into the drama and into fiction. Millions of children and of adults owe him their sense, and even their knowledge, of history. He may well have been, after all, as the British historian D. W. Brogan asserted, "Alexander the Great," the most powerful force ever to make France loved by the youth of fifty countries and to this day her most effective propaganda agent.

—By Doug Anderson for "An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor."

". . . a whale of a book."

". . . flatfooted for the belly laugh."

Four-Square Boff

ALL KINDS OF LAUGHS: In his preface to his **"An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor"** (Hanover House $3.95), the workingest tycoon extant grows ecstatic and glows like a 500-watt glo-worm about the beauties, the soul-satisfying qualities of the belly laugh. Bennett Cerf rhapsodizes that the belly laugh (he apparently takes his plain without the pratfall for a chaser) is the most heart-warming libido-lilting sound in the world.

It is apparent, while laughing your way through his anthology, that Mr. Cerf is a man who has the fortitude to rise above principles. He comes out flatfooted and four-square for the belly laugh in the preface but a perusal of the pieces makes one conclude that many, if not most, are tickilers of the risibilities that lie above the neck.

Just a few of those who have encyclopediaed or anthologized or chrestomathied here: Thurber, E. B. White, Will Rogers, S. J. Perelman, Ring Lardner, John O'Hara (who clinched his reputation as a humorist when he touted Hemingway's "Over the River and Into the Trees" as the book of the half century), Clarence Day, Damon Runyon, and H. Allen Smith.

Mr. Cerf has a great respect for American light versifiers, and rightfully so, and includes some of his favorites—Dorothy Parker, Ogden (Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker) Nash, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Arthur Guiterman, whose well-known metered razz of anthologists is selected for this anthology, but Mr. Cerf can reprint it, saying in surprise "WHO, ME?" because his anthology is an encyclopedia.

Some readers of this 700-page book would have omitted a few piece

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nd substituted others. But why quible? You'll like what Mr. Cerf gives o well that you'll give the book away ke Gideon gave away Bibles.

All will agree this is a whale of a ook, containing many of the classics -if a classic may be funny—and, lory be, here we have Corey Ford's How to Guess Your Age" and "The)ffice Party."

You may be curious that the Mogul f Random House let Doubleday, alias Ianover House, a competitor, publish is book that should sell as briskly as tock in the Democratic Party. But iat's the book biz than which there s no biz, etc. Publishers, of all things iat get in a fellow's hair like danruff, have ethics which foolishly lead iembers of the staff of one publishing ouse to peddle their manuscripts to ompeting publishers.

—Carl Victor Little.

IXIE LITERATURE: The vitality of Southrn literature has been especially ronounced in recent years, thanks) the remarkable productivity of ovelists like Faulkner and Caldwell, nd critic-poets like John Crowe 'ansom and his disciples. Appreciaon of their importance has transended the old regional barriers. But xcept among students and readers 'ith deeply ingrained Southern inerests the tendency has been to egard pre-atomic accomplishments outh of the Mason-Dixon line as very mited indeed. Since few Southern riters in the nineteenth century—ther than Edgar Allan Poe and Mark wain—could measure up to the New ngland Brahmins, as scholarly interest until recent times has been teager, and since Northern prejuices have been tenacious, the picture as remained understandably out of ocus. The groundwork for a comlete and necessary reappraisal has een laid by Jay B. Hubbell, prossor emeritus of English at Duke niversity and former editor of the iagazine *American Literature*. His xtensive study **"The South in Ameri-n Literature, 1607-1900"** (Duke Uniersity Press, $10) is the first historial treatment of the subject in almost orty-five years, and it is by far the ost comprehensive. Unlike many egional chauvinists, Mr. Hubbell ews the literature of the South in s relations with all of North Ameriin literature. Thus, while he conntrates upon writers who lived in e South, he also takes into account utside authors who have reflected on the region or have had an inience upon it, notably Irving, Coop-, Lowell, Emerson, and Mrs. Stowe. e has also discoursed on such assoated cultural matters as history,

(*Continued on page* 31)

FICTION

—Jacket design for "Act of God."

Apollo in Wire

***"Act of God," by Margaret Kennedy** (Rinehart. 342 pp. $3.50), is a lightly satirical novel about avant-garde art with an English seaside town as its setting.*

By Lillian de la Torre

IS MODERN sculpture nothing but a brick thrown in the public's face? Are its self-elected high priests unable to distinguish art from junk?

In "Act of God," her lightly satirical novel about avant-garde art in an English seaside town, Margaret Kennedy seems to say so. When Conrad Swann's dubious "Apollo," an abortion in twisted wire "the color of dried blood," appears to try men's souls, children are terrified, the corruptible are corrupted, the innocent are puzzled, the malicious find a weapon, the arty coterie is set by the ears, and the artist is amused.

"Art, and what the grocer thinks he sees," Miss Kennedy quotes Clive Bell to confound him, "are two quite different things."

"Act of God" is wholeheartedly on the side of the grocer. With pen dipped in vintage wine vinegar, the author sketches the grocer's adversaries, the architect who prefers his buildings empty of people, the unscrupulous patroness who has set herself up to dictate public taste and bamboozle public officials, her bought husband, and her trivial hangers-on. Miss Kennedy sees in such people and their gospel a denial of man's dignity, a deliberate choice of the inhuman and the anti-human. Her true genius, Conrad Swann, feels no such contempt for his fellow man.

Is it against such contempt, which is felt inherent in some "modern" art, that the outsider so often reacts with deep anger, as if it were a personal affront? Perhaps it is an affront. Miss Kennedy seems to think so, as in her climax she confounds the would-be pundits, and vindicates the humanistic view of art, when the true nature of the "Act of God" Apollo is finally revealed.

If the satire were all, it would be enough for a book both amusing and thoughtful; but it is not all. Miss Kennedy's great gift in all her books is the very gift she castigates others for lacking—a deep humanity. She cannot remain skipping on the surface. The people whose lives get entangled with the Apollo are very real people, some lightly and brilliantly sketched, some probed deep. Most endearing are Dickie and Christina Pattison, whose need for art and each other brought subtle changes, and whose marriage came to a crisis at the profoundest human levels of death, love, and conception.

Equally satisfying, in human terms, are other portraits—the warmhearted woman who became Swann's refuge, the slatternly mistress he left, the steady friend he had taken her from, and the little lost lambs their children, shepherded valiantly by their eldest, a terrifying, disillusioned, grubby little girl of ten.

As a result of the interweaving of so many threads of story, "Act of God" has breadth rather than concentration. Its critical message is sharp, and its heart is humane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Raj and Rogue

"The Sultan and the Lady," by Eric Linklater *(Harcourt, Brace. 256 pp. $3.50), is a gay parody of shenanigans in the colonial East, complete with the native ruler, British "protectors," and assorted cosmopolites.*

By John Frederick Muehl

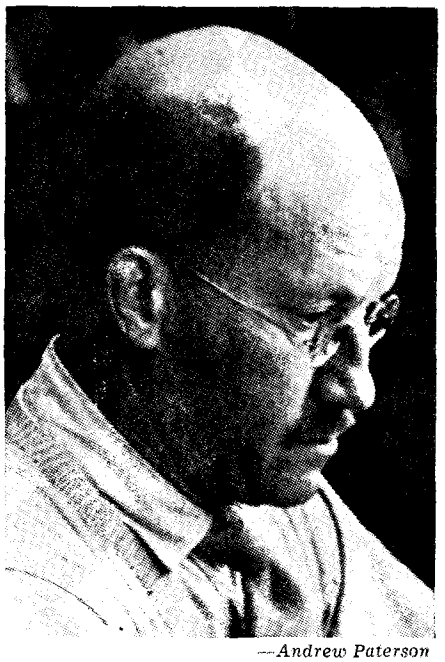
AMONG painters it may be true as Browning suggests that a man's reach should exceed his grasp, but in literature it is a rare and pleasant experience to read a writer whose reach and grasp are synonymous. Eric Linklater is such a writer, for though there are probably few critics who apply to him that pompous word "important," there are even fewer still among those who know him who would not be anxious to say that he is awfully good. For Eric Linklater is a man who does small things well, in this case the small thing being "The Sultan and the Lady," a terse and deliberately artificial story full of excellent writing and excellent reading.

Characterwise at least there is nothing small about the book. It centers around what by now is a familiar figure, the young native ruler (here of the island of Namua) who is more humane and civilized than the British who "protect" him. There is, too, the inevitable cosmopolitan broad who shares his yacht and airplane and, surely, even more. And there is the colonial archetype, as testy as ever, beet-red and harumphing and facing uprisings unarmed.

American readers will be a little dissatisfied with the portrait we are given of the American photographer. It is quite bad, and not a little like listening to an Englishman trying too hard to mimic an American accent. But the American disappears in the direction of America and, for that matter, he occupies only a small part of the book. Otherwise the characters are charmingly unreal, just as the author intended them to be.

As to plot, it is reminiscent of a dozen other books, for it is a half-parody of less clever colonial horse-operas in which the native rebellion, the idealistic young officer, and the Sultan's champagne arrive right on schedule. There are serious moments too, when heroism is recognized and when the logic behind the laughter is allowed to appear. But these do not intrude and they do not contradict; they simply add texture to the prevailing whimsicality.

Eric Linklater is a peculiarly English writer, a cruel thing, perhaps, to say of a Scot, but it is intended as a compliment for there are so few Americans who have managed this blending of bathos and wit. One will think of Joyce Cary's "The African Witch" and of Evelyn Waugh's "Black Mischief" while reading Linklater. And he will be reminded at least in the more serious parts of the colonially set novels of H. E. Bates. This is good company to keep, but Eric Linklater belongs on the basis of his performance in "The Sultan and the Lady." It ought to prove a very popular book. Certainly it is a very delightful one.



—Andrew Paterson

Eric Linklater—"nothing small."

David Beaty—"subtle contribution."

Islands of Safety

"The Four Winds," by David Bea
(William Morrow. 320 pp. $3.50), the story of Mark Kelston, Britis commercial aircraft pilot, whose li becomes complicated by the Azore

By Daniel B. Dodson

THE mariners of the sky have ha fewer than fifty years to buil up their mythology, and though w have not yet received an aerial "Mob Dick," since World War II a goc many writers have been making try. For the air-novelist there re mains the formidable barrier of tech nical information over which he mu carry uninitiated readers.

"The Four Winds," David Beaty second air-novel, accomplishes th task of dramatic initiation remarka bly well. His story concerns the me who fly passenger service betwee England and Central America in th huge, four-engined aircraft capable transporting fifty passengers and crew of seven. Mark Kelston, the pro tagonist and victim, is an almost ide pilot with (like Mr. Beaty) war ex perience in the RAF and extensiv tempering in postwar commerci flying.

A large scope was needed to te "The Four Winds." Indeed, the on serious fault in the book is that Mar Kelston seems at times to come bac into the story after an extended ab sence without leave. But Mr. Beaty novel requires the telling of sever simultaneous stories all of whic make subtle contribution.

Mark Kelston is not happily mar ried, but the combination of a fir sense of decency and long absenc from home in England while on du makes life bearable. Purely by acc dent he meets Karena, a Czech re ugee, in the Azores. The affair whic results from this love is neither flip pant nor sordid, but it is labeled suc by gossiping friends and colleagu and by Kelston's intransigent wif From this point on the tragic patte begins to assume shape, casually, in differently, below the level of th partial vision of the participant When, for reasons of economy, th Azores are eliminated as an overnig stop the consecutive flying hours the crews (by American standar already incredibly long) are almo doubled. Kelston is the only capta who senses the pattern of impendi tragedy, but his reluctance to om the Azores stop is quite understan ably suspected by colleagues and su periors to be other than professional dictated. He must consequently fa

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outrageous suspicions concerning his competence by the less competent moral disciplinarians around him. And his honesty, integrity, and professional skill do not permit him to escape the gradual accumulation of human fallacy.

Though the majority of Mr. Beaty's characters are what E. M. Forster would label flat, they are real enough as counters in the story of the destruction of Mark Kelston. Michael Leeming, a fellow pilot, who more than anyone else contributes to the irony of the finale, is most completely realized. Karena is appealing and convincing as Kelston's real love, and the reader is thoroughly persuaded that Mark Kelston is completely justified when he destroys the placid truce of his marriage to enjoy brief moments of genuine happiness in the Azores.

It is not necessary ever to have been on the flight deck of an airplane to enjoy this dramatic story. But anyone who has flown a big airplane for more than a few hundred hours will relive fervent moments when one of Mr. Beaty's pilots says to his First Officer (co-pilot):

> The main thing on this job . . . is not so much to do things quickly as to do them correctly. When you get an order from me, take your time, think about it, and for everyone's sake, get it right.

Repeat. Do it slowly if you must, but please, *please* do it right. There exists no casual covenant with the airplane.

Love Too Soon

"Among the Daughters," by Angna Enters *(Coward-McCann. 499 pp. $4), the first novel of the well-known dance mime, tells the story of two beautiful girls from the West who make good in the art world of New York.*

By Harrison Smith

ANGNA ENTERS'S first novel, "Among the Daughters," is a remarkable achievement for a woman who has poured her undoubtedly great creative talents into so many fields of artistic endeavor—artist, sculptor, solo dancer, author of screen stories and plays and the first volume of her autobiography, "Silly Girl," published a few years ago. But her chief claim to fame has been her invention of a new theatrical form she named "mime," a wordless play, in which she has been the solo performer in her own small theatre and in nationwide and foreign tours.

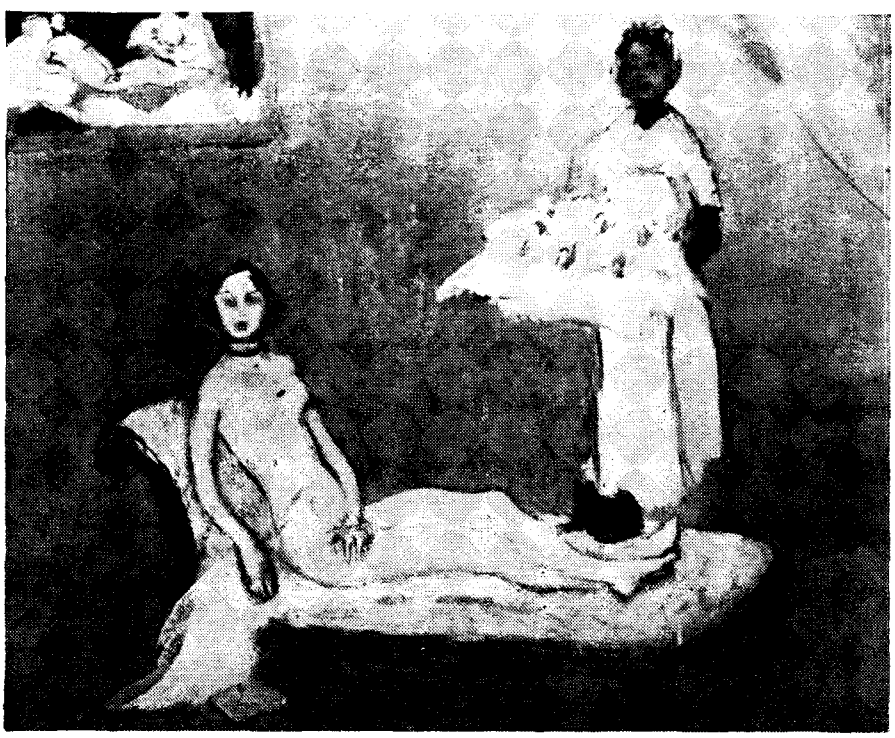
In any language the 240,000 words or so packed into "Among the Daughters" might be called a torrent, posing the question as to whether it would not have been better if Miss Enters had decided that her youthful and startlingly beautiful heroine was at times in danger of drowning under the weight of too many extensive and often high-brow conversations on the theory and practice of almost every form of art, or what was called art in the 1920s. Nevertheless, the story of what happened to Miss Enters half-starved little heroine, whose career as a ballet dancer began in the slums of Denver at the age of twelve and who came to New York with her devoted mother a few years later, is immensely appealing.

Lucy Claudel's father had abandoned his wife and child when she was a baby. A miniature Venus with a perfect figure, enormous blue eyes, and golden hair, she was born to be loved. The child and her mother, starved out of Denver, lived for a time with disapproving relations in a rigidly provincial Nebraska village, where Lucy earned enough money to leave by posing, but never in the nude, for a bearded and youthful artist who was a fugitive from the eccentrics of Paris's Left Bank.

Lucy's golden head was, fortunately, endowed with common sense, or she would not have arrived a virgin in the wicked city of New York, or would not have remained one until she finally surrendered to a handsome and wealthy playboy. By that time she was sixteen, though she looked two years older, and was still "jail bait" for professional seducers. After a trial venture in one of Samuel Brothers' leg shows she attracted the attention of a musical-comedy director who needed a premiere ballet dancer. In an astonishingly short time her exquisite and childlike features, as well as her equally delightful body, appeared in all of the glossy magazines. She was the toast of the town when she was still in her teens, and young men with country houses and yachts buzzed around her.

She had left Vida, her only girl friend, in Nebraska, but in time Vida ran away from her brutal father to join her in New York. Vida repeated the course of Lucy's bout with love: she gave herself to a playboy, and her experience ended, as had Lucy's, on a shady doctor's operating table. If Lucy rose like a star in the theatrical skies, she fell as rapidly, and in her search for love gave herself to several unsavory characters. Both young women were in love with an unapproachable modern painter, whose name was Vermillion. When Lucy was again back on her feet and her beautiful legs she went to Paris, was rejected, and in a final return fell into his arms.

"Among the Daughters" was, obviously, born for a happy ending. Except for the novel's unnecessary length, resulting from the non-stop conversational gifts of many of her intellectual and esoteric characters, Miss Enters's venture into fiction is a success.



—From "Among the Daughters."

". . . she was still jail-bait for professional seducers."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Violence and Love

"Hubertus," by Edgar Mittelholzer *(John Day. 303 pp. $3.95), tells of the struggles of a sugar-planter to expand his fortunes in Dutch Guiana of the eighteenth century.*

By Selden Rodman

IN HIS novels "Children of Kaywana" and "Shadows Move Among Them" Edgar Mittelholzer showed that he could deal equally well with themes of extreme violence and tender love. In his latest, "Hubertus," the violence is off-stage and muted, and the love story occupies a secondary position, but the scene is the same. Against the immoral background of a colonial slave society, Hubertus faces the moral problems of his conscience and his effort to provide the character and continuity the times lack. Gradually the focus shifts to his daughter, Luise, whose passion for Edward, the son of Hubertus's mistress, Faustina, subtly develops from something close to perversion to a mature love; for Edward himself, being an artist, proves capable of molding his own eccentricities and weaknesses into a purposeful life —something that Hubertus indefatigably strove for but could never quite accomplish.

One of the many remarkable things about this novel is that all of the characters are three-dimensional. They are neither wholly evil nor wholly good. Hubertus's English wife, Rosalind, is described on the jacket as "cold" but this is a publisher's cliché. Cold in relation to Luise and Faustina, perhaps, but warm enough to feel compassion for her husband even at the moment when Faustina is trying to make him think that her new-born son is not his. These characters are one of the reasons the scene of the book assumes intense reality. Another reason is the poetry in its writing. "A cicada was shrieking amidst the trees, seeming a projection in sound of the hot rays that blazed over the logies in the west . . ." "The mangoes were in blossom, and very faintly on the air drifted a turpentine aroma that of a sudden grew stronger as a breeze, audible a moment ago as a hissing far away, now came sizzling through the foliage of the trees . . ."

—*Jacket design for "Sir Henry."*

". . . moonlight and meringue."

What is it that raises these novels of Edgar Mittelholzer above the self-pitying whine of most contemporary fiction? Obviously, an absence of self-pity, for one thing. The instability of our contemporary life is often cited as an excuse for the spinelessness of the characters foisted upon us. But is our time any more unstable than the age Mittelholzer writes about? Not only did the nature of tropical sugar cultivation force planters to move their homes—often hundreds of miles from where they were born—but people were then as now the victims of political insecurity. In this novel, for example, Hubertus has his very nationality kicked out from under him no less than six times. The fact remains that throughout these vicissitudes he never loses his will to expand his fortunes and deepen his vision, or his faith in the essential community of human beings—slaves excepted. The result is that we never lose interest in him. Our affection for him grows.

For how many characters, say of Faulkner or Hemingway, do we feel any affection? A reader feels what an author feels (if the author is any good at all) and it is a pleasure after reading through several decades of contemporary fiction to feel something for a fictional character besides indifference, repugnance, contempt, or pity.

Death Is a Cup

By Vernon D. Tate

DEATH is a cup
And none shall find the savor
Unless he taste thereof
And having tasted
Knows all perchance
Or mayhap nothing
For wisdom buried yields to
living folly
And which is which?
If life be folly and folly life
With wisdom death
By holocaust
I'll play the fool
And spurn the cup
Until the final furtive sup.

Hard-Put Knight

"Sir Henry," by Robert Nathan *(Alfred A. Knopf. 187 pp. $3), chronicles the adventures of a poetic knight in a rather matter-of-fact world.*

By Charles Lee

IN "SIR HENRY" Robert Nathan has written a riddling little book certain to delight the lover of fantasy. It is moonlight and meringue. Its scents are April, its sounds are laughter, song, and melancholy. How could it be otherwise in a book whose story deals with the exertions, idiocies, and aspirations of man?

The man is Sir Henry of Brentwood, a cautious and rather moody knight whose main fault was "thinking that happiness lay always somewhere else, instead of where he happened to be." The result is that Henry is sometimes a poet and often a burden.

Henry didn't enjoy fighting but he performed knightly chores anyway. His sword had lost half its heft, his spear was dull, and his armor was too heavy for comfort. Knightly labors often gave him a headache and nosebleed; the sight of blood, in fact, always distressed him, particularly his own.

Sir Henry's horse Ponder needed grooming and his worldly goods fattening. His possessions numbered a silver cup, one silver spur, an iron pot, a small dagger, a cloak, a doublet, a blanket, a hot-water bottle, and some woolen underwear. When, through his droll exploits on the field of battle, he also comes into possession of two attractive young maidens, he doesn't suffer a nosebleed but his headache is not improved.

Nathan puts Sir Henry through proper knightly paces by having him fight a fifty-foot dragon, fittingly equipped with horns, scales, hooked claws, forked tongue, red eyes, poison, and smoking nostrils. He sips tea with the magician Alyot in the tower room of his glass castle, appropriately surrounded by parchments, papyri, test tubes, and ancient church chronicles. He fills the forest with the clanging of swords. He disembowels a scarecrow. He fights a comical fight against a vicious wild boar and is grateful for the unexpected tactical use of a featherbed. He engages with a king on the subject of love and hears one of his fair ladies describe it as "a state to which a woman gives herself wholly, and receives in return a baby and some instruction in cooking."

Ponder has some observations to

(*Continued on page* 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Giant and the Uncle

"Beethoven and His Nephew," by Editha and Richard Sterba (translated by Willard R. Trask. Pantheon Books. 351 pp. $5), is a psychoanalytical study of their relationship which illuminates the composer's career. George Simpson, our reviewer, teaches sociology at Brooklyn College.

By George Simpson

INEVITABLY psychoanalysis must have caught up with Beethoven. Not even the most hero-worshipping of his biographers or the most fawning romanticists could conceal the persistence of his most unusual patterns of behavior. Psychoanalytic interpretation is important not only for the new light it casts on Beethoven as a man but also for the new light it may cast on his music. Editha and Richard Sterba, practising psychoanalysts in Detroit, have in an intriguing and well-documented book called "Beethoven and His Nephew" sought "to reach the psychological truth concerning the behavior of this fascinating human being, without whose works our cultural world would be so much poorer." Their book is not intended to be a psychological study of Beethoven's work or of his creative gift or activity, although in their final six pages they offer some ingenious hints on the possible contributions which psychoanalysis may make to the meaning of music and to musical criticism.

Even at this early stage of psychoanalytic study of Beethoven one wishes that the authors—who are highly equipped for the task, she being also a musicologist in her own right and he also an amateur violinist—had thrown at least a little more caution to the wind and hypothesized the relationship of Beethoven's psychopathology to his music in some detail.

The relation of a composer's personality as seen by depth psychology to his musical compositions is a fertile area not only for Beethoven but for others—what with Debussy's claustrophobia, Brahms's defiant behavior, Schumann's insanity, Berlioz's psychological acrobatics, and Liszt's exhibitionism, to mention a few. The Sterbas' effort may be part of the beginning of a great upsurge in critical enlightenment and of a new approach to music appreciation.

The central psychoanalytical problem for the Sterbas is Beethoven's relationship with his nephew Karl, son of his brother Karl, who had died, and of his sister-in-law, whom Beethoven hated. Beethoven succeeded for a time in winning sole guardianship of Karl (legal fatherhood) and to the Sterbas this acquisition of the boy was "the most significant experience of which we have any knowledge throughout his life." With great care and caution and a use of new documents the whole sad story of the havoc which Beethoven wreaked upon this young life is unfolded, and Beethoven becomes the cause of Karl's attempted suicide, which heretofore the biographers, including the few reliable ones, have viewed as a misfortune which Karl visited upon Beethoven. In the struggle to acquire Karl, Beethoven maligned, libeled, and unjustly accused Karl's mother, Johanna, and so preoccupied himself that for a few years his musical output dwindled and his psychopathology ran riot.

THE comparatively great knowledge we have of Beethoven's relation to Karl leads the Sterbas somewhat astray, it seems to me, for because of it they tend to see Karl as the cause of the composer's behavior rather than as a symptom of a pathology with deep roots in Beethoven's life history. Their contention that through the boy Beethoven attained the motherhood he longed for—"His aim was to be the boy's only mother"—appears to underestimate the hostility Beethoven had towards his father, his desire to displace him, and to have a son whom he could view as himself.

Insufficient attention is paid by the Sterbas to the way in which the name Johann, which belonged to Beethoven's father, to his other brother, and to Karl's mother (Johanna), haunts him beginning in 1802 with the Heiligenstadt Testament (three times there he leaves a blank where the name Johann should appear), although in another connection they point out that "in the unconscious such coincidence of names is of great significance, for it often establishes an identity between the bearers of the name." One is struck by three facts overlooked by the Sterbas: that the young Beethoven contracted syphilis, which led him to turn away from women as the ruination of his life; that his deafness can be viewed as psychogenic; and that Beethoven was an alcoholic. By concentrating on Beethoven and his nephew as the most significant experience the Sterbas do not permit themselves to explore extensively other areas of Beethoven's experience which may themselves help explain his relation to his nephew. But perhaps one is able to complain that the Sterbas have not done more here precisely because they have already done so much.

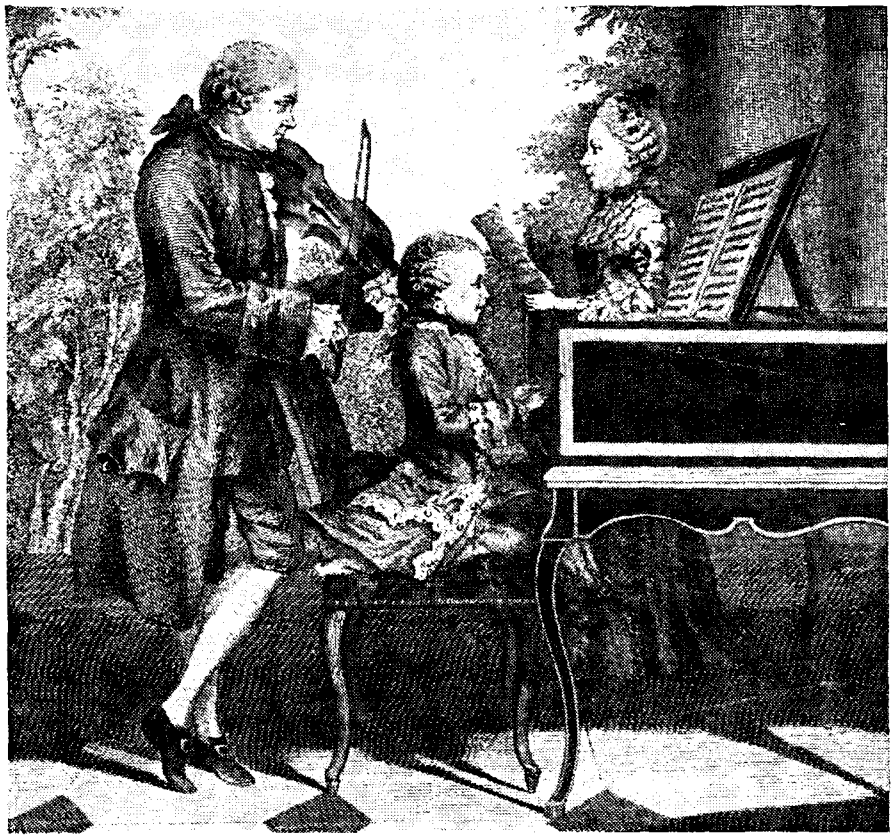
Sapphires

By Mae Winkler Goodman

WHAT blue is this that dwells within this gem?
Here is a primal blue whence all blues rise;
Blue as the hills above Jerusalem,
Bluer than its own September skies.
The Mediterranean cannot match this blue
Or any sea approach its lustrous glow—
The hyacinth wanes pale beside its hue,
It brooks no rival in the indigo.

From Bengal to Ceylon, from lands afar
Its deathless blue sends forth a magic flame:
A gem that is true sister to a star,
The sapphire is as lovely as its name.
Here are blue herons wading in a stream
Through all the blue mirages of a dream.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—N. Y. Public Library.

Mozart at seven, with father and sister—"the magic realm of [his] art."

A Mozart Mosaic

"The Mozart Handbook," edited by Louis Biancolli *(World Publishing Co. 629 pp. $7.50), is a selection from fifty different books and articles to present a picture of the composer as man and artist. Karl Geiringer, who reviews it here, is chairman of the department of music history, theory, and literature at Boston University; recently he published "The Bach Family."*

By Karl Geiringer

MOZART'S brief earthly career was tragically unsuccessful in terms of worldly achievements. At the time he was pouring forth an unending stream of supreme masterworks he was harassed by apparently unsoluble financial worries, and when he died, at the age of thirty-six, he had to be buried in a pauper's grave.

As happens so often, posterity set about making amends. Every scrap of source material pertaining to Mozart was painstakingly collected. The greatest scholars threw themselves heart and soul into Mozart research, and it may be said that there are very few composers whose life and works have been treated with equal thoroughness and understanding.

In view of these facts Louis Biancolli's idea of presenting a "Mozart Handbook" based on excerpts from existing literature seems a particularly good one. He selected significant passages from some fifty different books and articles and put them skilfully together into a mosaic conveying an extremely vivid picture of Mozart as a man and as an artist. The difficult task of achieving a homogeneous whole out of so many diversified sources originating in different eras was solved by Mr. Biancolli with sensitivity and tact, and the result is a highly readable, exquisite book illuminating the different facets of the composer's artistic personality.

In the first part, entitled "Mozart in His Life," the extensive chapter supplying selections from Mozart's letters (in the fine translation by Emily Anderson) deserves special commendation. The composer was an unusually articulate correspondent, and the passages chosen, revealing both the warmth and generosity of his nature and the earthy side of his humor, are bound to captivate any reader. Particularly moving is the following letter in which Mozart, aged thirty-one, consoles his ailing father: "As death is the true purpose of life I have, for many years, made myself familiar with that best friend of man; and his face has now no longer any terror for me, but is, if anything, calm and consoling to look upon. I thank God for this blessing . . . and I never go to bed without thinking that perhaps on the morrow I may no longer be alive. And yet no one who knows me could say that I am sad or discontented." In the very same year he wrote from Prague a hilarious letter to his friend Gottfried von Jacquin, in which he devotes a whole page to the invention of funny-sounding nicknames for all the members of their intimate circle. After we have seen Mozart as he reveals himself in his own words we are given reports on the master by contemporaries such as the singer Michael Kelly, the librettist Lorenzo da Ponte, and others.

THE second part of the Handbook deals with "Mozart in His Music," discussing the operas, various forms of instrumental works, and the church music. Here the composer's main contributions in every field of music are analyzed. This reviewer regrets that with regard to the works for the stage the editor gives the description of background, story, and characters preference over a thorough evaluation of the music. Very interesting is the final chapter of this section entitled "Mozart and the Critics," which discloses the reactions of contemporary reviewers who, even while praising Mozart, felt puzzled by the boldness of his musical language.

The third part of the book inscribed "Mozart in His Death" offers reports about the composer's last days. In an appendix there is a valuable classified list of Mozart's works and an interesting table in which incidents of the composer's life are synchronized with musical and world events. The book contains eleven illustrations, among which a page from Mozart's own thematic catalogue listing the operas "The Magic Flute" and "La Clemenza di Tito" is most interesting.

We may expect a long line of books on Mozart in connection with the bicentenary of the composer's birth in 1956. Mr. Biancolli's fine contribution will hold its own among them and help to lead music lovers without technical background into the magic realm of Mozart's art. For a possible second edition this reviewer would recommend the inclusion of source material available in foreign languages only, in particular the classic Mozart biography by Hermann Abert

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY

Five Windows Into the Third Reich

Out of the records kept and the memories cherished by the men and women who made the Nazi era are coming books that will enable us to reconstruct a true picture of Germany between 1932 and 1945. Fritz Stern, associate professor of history at Columbia University, here analyzes five such volumes, recently published.

By Fritz Stern

GERMANY.

THE LARGE number of books on Nazi Germany which have appeared in recent months bears witness to the renewed topicality of the subject, but there is more to it than that. I think we have finished with a certain kind of heavily ideological writing about Germany, and have learned to ask new questions about it. The German experience, properly analyzed, can tell us a good deal about the problems of modern society, and in our quest for that kind of knowledge we are aided by the unprecedented availability of information, which normally is never, or only after many decades, revealed.

Our armies in Germany were marvelously restrained in their acts of private looting, but ingenious and ravenous in their hunt for records of all sorts. As a result, we have assembled a mass of documents on German politics and economics during the Nazi era which, insofar as it can be embodied in documents, contains the evidence of the establishment of a totalitarian regime, first in Germany and then over most of Europe. The Hitler regime in all its unimaginable ugliness and its chaotic confusion is before us—a corpse that we must dissect.

It is both important and difficult to arrive at an historical picture of the Third Reich. We must learn to view Nazism in its wider context, as a manifestation of the political decline of Europe and the frustrations of industrial society. We must accept the fact that Nazi ideology was a brew concocted in many lands, that the Nazi movement, nihilistic though it was, triumphed because of its specious idealism, and that a great many non-Germans in the Thirties were "soft" on Nazism. Having granted this much, we must remember the responsibility which so many Germans bear for the rise of Hitler and must seek to understand the reasons for his rapid success in conquering the will and energies of his people. Finally, we must record the organized criminality of the Nazis, slighting no detail however disgusting, and still retain the belief, so much a part of our own political tradition, that rehabilitation is within the reach of men themselves.

Few American writers have blurred the issues by denying the horrors of Nazism, or by shifting all responsibility to Hitler. Such attempts are dangerous, since they would strengthen the German penchant for running down their own moral involvement and expatiating on American "mistakes," such as Yalta or our early dismantling policy.

Some Germans seem never to have been touched by the crimes which they witnessed. Consider **"Flying Is My Life,"** by Hanna Reitsch (translated by Lawrence Wilson; Putnam, $4)—the breezy autobiography of Hitler's famed aviatrix, Himmler's friend, and the Third Reich's coveted export model among pilots—who knew nothing of politics. She was a sweet, country lass, with a passion for flying, who piloted a helicopter in an enclosed sports stadium, and who as a test pilot on a V-1 rocket crashed, breaking nearly everything, except her neck. Cheered by Himmler's gifts, she recovered and in April 1945 made a last flight to Hitler's Chancellery, where she read bedtime stories to the Goebbels children ("each of them was a delight") just before their parents poisoned them. It is a nice adventure story and could be serialized in comic strips, except that Miss Reitsch doesn't like this low-brow medium. (During her official visit to America in 1938 she liked us, making allowances for the fact that "to expect to find Faust in America would be futile.")

TECHNICALLY she was a gifted person but her image of herself is of a devoted daughter, who loved her mother and father, found God in her solo flights and nature in her wanderings in the mountains. Clearly an "idealist," even to the point of looking for Faust in America, and a woman far above the humdrum of politics. Nothing jarred her, and when told of the gas chambers she denied their existence, and Himmler confirmed her denial. And now, ten years later, not a word of self-reproach, only the wish "to fly again." And till then, she pines for the good

(*Continued on page 37*)

—*By D. R. Fitzpatrick for "Divide and Conquer."*

". . . we must retain the belief that rehabilitation is within the reach of men."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nature of Prejudice

***"Studies in the Scope and Method of 'The Authoritarian Personality'," edited by Richard Christie and Marie Jahoda** (Free Press. 279 pp. $4.50), is an extension and commentary on an important recent inquiry into the subject of prejudice. Morris L. Ernst, our reviewer, is a New York attorney and student of the social sciences.*

By Morris L. Ernst

ONLY once in a while does a book create a life of its own. Recently we have seen three such literary procreations—The Kinsey Reports, "The American Soldier," and "The Authoritarian Personality." Each of these scientific works evoked other books addressed to the parent volume. 'The Authoritarian Personality'," as published in 1950 as the product of a group of scientists looking for the roots of prejudice, is criticized, praised, discussed, and indeed surrounded by a volume edited by Richard Christie and Maria Jahoda. "Studies in the Scope and Method of 'The Authoritarian Personality'," as the new work is called, marks another substantial step toward man's isolation of that societal infection which diseases a high percentage of all mortals on our planet.

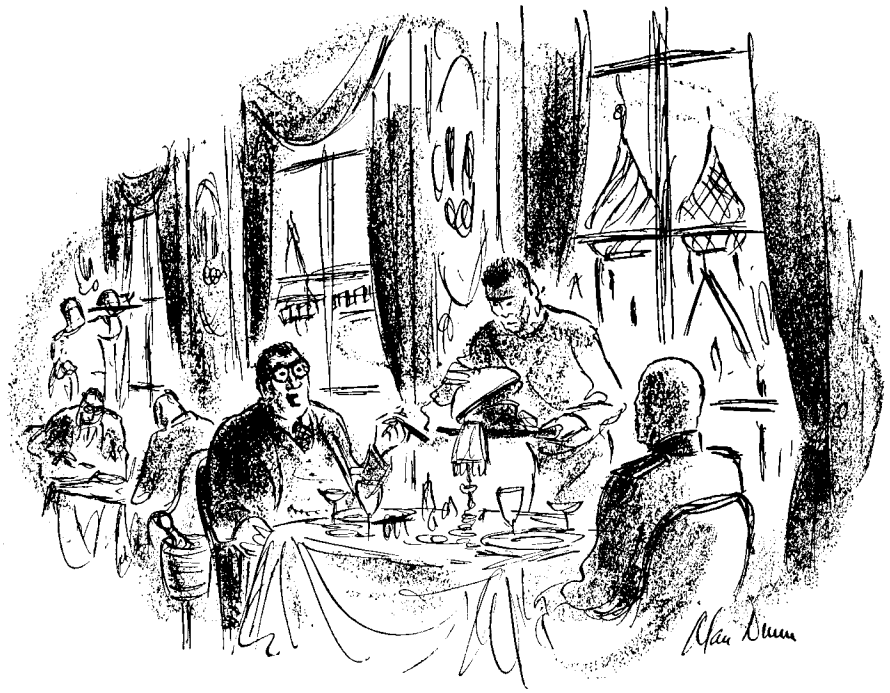
The parent volume, repetitious and ill-written though it was, became a celebrated event in the social sciences. It set out to, and did in part, discover what sort of people are prejudiced. It found that the bigot is conventional, rigid, has little ability to change or learn, is submissive to authority, suppressive of the weak, without insight into himself, fatalistic, and unable to build equalitarian relationships. By extensive interviews and questionnaires we learned in the original volume that this type of personality is largely created by early life experiences and thrives where parents exploit, reject, or overprotect their children. When people hate Catholics, Negroes, or Jews, for example, they hate what is wrong in themselves, and by such hate develop a spurious self-confidence.

The Christie-Jahoda book is a rich and exciting consideration of the methods and conclusions of the parent book. It assays for verity and points to intervening new areas of awareness. Even for lazy readers Miss Jahoda's introduction is well worth the price of admission to this major contemporary problem. Professor Shils's chapter questions the validity of the original separation of "left" and "right." It now looks as if the parent authors might well have dug deeper into American Communist attitudes and thus have delivered more value than has derived from all the parades of Wisconsin's junior Senator.

The section by Hyman and Sheatsley inquires into techniques employed in the research and points to differences in education rather than personality for the social attitudes of a personality structure. Professor Christie delved through all the other studies which have used the great idea or the techniques of the original work and in general he finds that the methods used stand up pretty well. He does, also, bring into better focus "social class" and "general intelligence" as prejudice-affecting factors. Harold Lasswell calls for similar studies of our political leaders. He suggests that the main personality factor of the politically active is Power and that the leaders may depart from the personality patterns of their followers. Won't some foundation accept this intriguing challenge, in view of Congressional attempts to "prejudge" and intimidate foundations? The best defense may be a Jahoda-Lasswell inquiry!

Else Frenkel-Brunswik, a contributor to the original work, relates the inquiry to child attitudes. Are prejudiced children the rebellious ones while adults are more likely to be conformists to authority? Are not prejudiced children less likely than adults to be against the underdog?

THIS Christie-Jahoda effort may reach only five to ten thousand of our citizens even though its illuminations involve prevalent home and church discussions. This book, however, would be a good dish for at least a half million of those who watched the McCarthy television show. Hence I ask why must the social scientists—like lawyers—write so that laymen cannot feel even the excitement of the discoveries and new inventions? Chief Justice Warren wrote his anti-segregation opinion in such unprofessional language that the high-school student could understand it as easily as could the lawyer. Maybe this feat of simplicity will have more historic significance than the decision he uttered. Please, Richard Christie and Marie Jahoda, in your next volume (I hope it deals with book censorship, with which Jahoda has done some titillating flirtation already) enlist the collaboration of a Robert Sherwood or an Elmer Davis not to screen your ideas, but to arrange the words so that millions in our Republic will enjoy your magnificent research.



"It's wonderful to be back. Good servants were unobtainable, the caviar was odious, and the vodka was made in a place called Paterson . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Social Arithmetic

"Mathematical Thinking in the Social Sciences," edited by Paul Lazarsfeld *(Free Press. 444 pp. $10), defines a new technique of applying mathematics to social phenomena by showing how it would work in a number of specific cases. Professor Murray G. Murphey of the University of Pennsylvania reviews it below.*

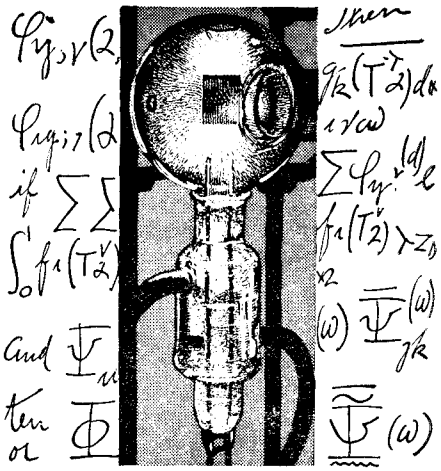
By Murray G. Murphey

SIX SOCIAL scientists and a mathematician have collaborated in an effort to promote the use of mathematics in the formation of social-science theories. The technique of theory construction they have developed is presented, together with a number of "cases" of the application of mathematics to social phenomena which exemplify the achievements of the technique to date and suggestions for new and stimulating possibilities, in a series of essays brought together in a volume called "Mathematical Thinking in the Social Sciences." Although the essays deal with a wide range of subjects, each essay contains material which helps to illuminate the others—a fact which attests the skilful editing of Paul F. Lazarsfeld. The book is addressed to the reader of moderate mathematical knowledge and the exposition has been kept as non-technical as the subject would allow.

Dr. Lazarsfeld and his collaborators have sought to demonstrate the virtues of their technique, which they call "model building," by showing it in action rather than by describing it in the abstract. Although one essay presents an analysis of several of these models, the reviewer would have been grateful for a more precise analysis of the notion of "model" itself, particularly since two distinct ideas are included under this heading. In social science the term "model" generally means a deliberately simplified theoretical system; in mathematics, however, it generally means a part of a theoretical system, whether simplified or not. Both of these meanings of "model" are essential for an understanding of the technique endorsed by Dr. Lazarsfeld and his colleagues.

In the social scientist's sense a "model" is a surrogate for the physicist's experiment. Confronted with a complex phenomenon involving many variables, and unable to specify these variables singly by laboratory experiment, the social scientist constructs a simplified "model" in which the phenomenon, or some aspect of it, is postulated to be a function of one or two variables. The model is then complicated by introducing more of the variables believed to determine the real phenomenon. If the postulated relationships hold then as the number of variables is increased the model should approximate to the real situation. Where the approximation can be fully carried out the model becomes a theoretical explanation of the phenomenon; where it fails the model must be revised or rejected. An excellent example of such a social-science model is presented by Dr. T. W. Anderson in the opening essay of the book. Here a model of attitude change involving a single variable is constructed, and it is then shown how other variables may be introduced to bring the model closer to reality.

IN the mathematician's sense, however, any system of objects to which a system of abstract equations can be truly applied is said to constitute a "model" of the system of equations. In this sense every formalized scientific theory contains a "model," for such a theory may be regarded as the application of an abstract mathematical system to a system of empirical objects, and this system of empirical objects therefore constitutes a "model" of the mathematics. A brilliant example of this kind of mathematical application is presented by Dr. Louis Guttman in his first essay in this volume. Dr. Guttman hypothesized that attitudes belonging to the same attitude continuum could be mapped on to what he calls a "perfect scale" or, in other words, that certain mathematical relationships are true of these attitudes. Dr. Guttman discovered that from these purely mathematical relationships he could deduce the existence of an infinite number of functions which he calls the "principal components." From the hypothesis that the attitudes are a model of the initial relationships it follows that they must also be a model of these functions. The hypothesis could therefore be tested by trying to find the empirical models of these functions. In a remarkably short time Dr. Guttman



and his co-workers have succeeded in identifying the models for the first four principal components—a striking confirmation of their original conjecture.

The technique endorsed by Dr. Lazarsfeld and his colleagues would combine these two meanings of "model" by formulating social-science models explicitly as models of abstract mathematical systems. By so doing not only is the theoretical structure of the social-science model clarified, but also it is found that many of these models are different applications of the same mathematical systems. This suggests that these systems may be applicable to many similar problems, while at the same time it indicates the areas for which we must seek new mathematical tools.

The extraordinary growth of social science in recent years is one of the most important developments in modern science. In some areas of social science—notably economics and learning theory—mathematics already plays a leading role, and it is clearly destined to play an increasing part in other areas as well. To this development Dr. Lazarsfeld and his collaborators have made an important and stimulating contribution which deserves to be studied carefully by every student of the subject.

Notes

SCIENCE AND REASON: No one who has read anything from the pen of Ernest Nagel doubts that he possesses one of the finest philosophical minds of our generation. A student of Morris Raphael Cohen, then junior colleague of John Dewey, and now professor of philosophy at Columbia University, he customarily writes the kind of essay whose incisiveness and penetration make the onlooker gasp with admiration. The fact that he has devoted his great talents to issues, particularly in the philosophy of science, which can

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD *Feature Editor*, PETER RITNER
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH, CLEVELAND AMORY

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY *Associate Publisher*, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1955, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Devil's Bargain Basement

THE COST of killing a single man in the war between Athens and Sparta 2,300 years ago has been roughly estimated at the equivalent of $50. During the Roman wars this price of a single death was supposed to have come to something in excess of $100. By the American War for Independence the cost had climbed to $600. During the American War Between the States the figure had been multiplied almost ten times and was more than $5,000. The estimated cost for killing one man in World War I was about $26,000; for World War II it was $65,000. But the age of costly killings is over.

The most significant ominous fact about a new war is that it may cost no more to kill a man than it did 2,000 years ago. Nothing dramatizes more sharply the revolutionary changes in the new warfare than the ghastly efficiency of the new weapons in making death cheap. Indeed, the very cheapness of hydrogen-bomb warfare now becomes an important factor in the psychological balance-sheets of the nations. For as the tensions mount, as lines are drawn across which neither side must step, as the uncommitted peoples are drawn off one by one, and as the national prides become inflamed, the temptation to take the cheap and easy way out becomes compelling rather than arresting. In fact, the frustration and torment of coping with a billowing crisis these past eight years has already led a few hotheads to go browsing through the bargain basement counters of catastrophes for ready-made solutions. The counter of greatest appeal right now seems to carry the label preventive war.

The p.w. argument, of course, is that the longer we wait the weaker our position becomes. Those who advance this argument have their eyes firmly fixed on the havoc we can bring to the enemy, with only the skimpiest attention to the certainty of reply by special delivery. Can these specialists in low-cost war-accounting assure the American people that they are more likely to be right in their new calculations than they were in their previous ones? The assumptions of American monopoly and then supremacy of atomic weapons now turn out to have been dangerously wrong. And other peoples who we hope will look to us for leadership are not strengthened in their confidence in us when they see that our judgment is not nearly so great as our force.

Meanwhile, we have spent countless millions in civilian defense measures that are as outmoded as a knight's suit-of-armor in front of a howitzer. The raw fact is that our cities are indefensible. It is now hoped that we may have as much as an hour's warning in order to evacuate the people from the cities. Can you imagine eight million people squeezed into the streets of New York City, trying to get to some place of safety in the hour's grace allotted to them? Where would they go? Where would they hide? The new bombs are effective—blast, heat, killing rays—over areas far larger than a man can run in one hour, assuming he has an hour. Mr. Val Peterson has struggled manfully to create an adequate program for civilian defense, but sooner or later the American people will have to face it: there is no prospect that our cities can find an asbestos shield thick enough to keep them from becoming incinerated in the event of attack. And the surrrounding countryside is likely to be saturated with radioactive bullets. Warfare is no longer aimed at the heart of a nation; it is aimed at the heart of man.

THE PRESSURE of these facts has produced, as we say, a small group of hotheads with a bad case of nervous trigger fingers. But these same facts have also produced some cowards who would seek safety by bowing low before aggressors and giving them a clear field. They assume that the only choice before us is total destruction or total submission; and they are as wrong as those who see the only choice as between hitting first or being hit. There is yet another group which has been thrown off balance by the piling up of tensions. These are the defeatists who seem convinced that nothing anyone can do can delay a grim inevitability.

The range of effective decision by Americans need not be confined to the choices of hotheads, cowards, or defeatists. There is a strong and real alternative to atomic war or the threat of war. We can still create the kind of peace that adds to the design of freedom. The vital alternative must begin with the realization that the fully sovereign national state is the proximity fuse of the hydrogen bomb. The fuse can be removed not by abolishing the nation but by defining the relationship of each state to the other under a system of law binding on all.

What stands in the way of this objective is not so much the condition of the cold war but the condition of men's minds and the paralysis of the dynamic will. For it is not necessary that the goal of world law be absolutely achieved before there is a reasonable chance for peace. The powerful and dedicated advocacy of the goal may in fact be the shield we are looking for. An inspired definition of a way out, one that has something to do not only with the making of a safer world but a better life for the individual man, could give the United States the strong position that our military stockpiles have so far failed to do. We can't exercise leadership unless people want to follow; and the desire to follow requires at least as much inspiration as it does power.

Nor will leadership get anywhere unless we fix our gaze not on the low cost of mass death but on the measureless value of the individual man.

—N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PRODUCER SPEAKS

CONGRATULATIONS to you for having the courage to print Bennett Cerf's approval of "Fanny" in the same magazine in which it was so summarily dismissed by your Mr. Hewes [TRADE WINDS, *SR* Jan. 8]. Naturally, all of us in the theatre, whether we are connected with "Fanny" or not, are grateful that you are willing to print both sides of a controversy. All of us are on tenterhooks each time we read *SR*, praying that we will get a review from John Mason Brown instead of the often befuddled Mr. Hewes. But in this case we feel that we have been saved from total oblivion by your very fair treatment of us in TRADE WINDS.

JOSHUA LOGAN.

New York, N. Y.

"For Jupiter's sake! Don't you think I've got anything better to do than drag you around after me?"

"FANNY" WEIGHS TOO MUCH

"FANNY," along with those other products of commercial affluence "Can-Can" and "Kismet," may delight Bennett Cerf, but to a lot of others they seem not only a monstrous waste of money and effort, but also impedimenta designed to lower the standards of good musical productions. The very weight of these shows which defy intelligence also prevents that future dream of us all—the establishment of a permanent repertory theatre in New York. . . .

J. R. CATINELLA.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

POPULAR AND LOUSY

IN HIS REMARKS about Henry Hewes's review of "Fanny" and about overall critical reactions to such "carefully planned" musicals as "Can-Can" and "Kismet" Mr. Cerf seems to be generally tired (and I do not mean to be snide, only courteously firm) of professional critics who do not agree with his own amateur theatre judgments. Is not Mr. Cerf's proper professional field, with cheers, only books and jokes? . . .

Hewes is a young critic, but a discerning, readable, and growing one. *SR* is fortunate to have found him; it ought to nourish him.

EDWIN DUERR.

New York, N. Y.

DIGNIFIED "FANNY"

PLEASE count me on Bennett Cerf's side in the Cerf-Hewes feud. I just about gave up on the New York critics after "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Fanny" finished the deal. . . .

ALMA OBERST.

Evansville, Ind.

RIGHT FOR *SR*

I READ, and am guided by, Henry Hewes's reviews, and those of several other critics, because I have found by experience that their views very often coincide with my own. I suggest, moreover, that Hewes is *right* for the readers of *The Saturday Review*.

PHILIP GOODMAN.

New York, N. Y.

UNFORGETTABLE FANNY

MY VOTE for Bennett Cerf's defense of "Fanny," at which I had an unforgettable evening. . . .

LEON J. RUBINSTEIN.

New York, N. Y.

UNCALLED FOR

BENNETT CERF'S attempt to incite a public quarrel between Henry Hewes and his readers is, I think, very much uncalled for. Cerf's insinuations that Hewes doesn't know what he is talking about are, to one reader at least, very infuriating. I think Mr. Cerf tells us all we need to know about his own abilities when he mentions "Can-Can" and "Kismet" in the same breath with "Fanny." After finding both of these shows pretty intolerable, we think we'll stick by Hewes.

JOS. K. ALBERTSON.

New York, N. Y.

WORDS AND PHRASES

LET ME BE one of the first million to agree enthusiastically with Bennett Cerf's point of view about "Fanny," as expressed in his column. As it happens, we in Los Angeles will be lucky if we get to see the show itself before 1957, but that's beside the point. I don't like Henry Hewes's reviews. I think he is a fine specimen of what *I*, with contempt, consider the "John McCarten" school of reviewing.

MURRAY H. GERSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO EACH HIS OWN

I DON'T DOUBT that until very lately there was a certain group who were saying, "Have you read the latest Mickey Spillane?" Now if Henry Hewes were to get tired of those editors who didn't judge Mickey Spillane good literature I would very soon tell him to stick to the theatre. Therefore, I respectfully suggest that Cerf leave the criticism of the theatre to the critics and that he send his comments on their criticism to *The Saturday Review*'s LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AART SLINGERLAND.

Weehawken, N. J.

IN A GLOW ABOUT FANNY

HAVING SEEN "FANNY" twice and liking it even better the second time (though I was enthusiastic enough the first time) I hasten to say: I agree *completely* with Cerf's comments on "Fanny" and other musicals; and Henry Hewes *is* a little "arty" at times.

JULIETTE T. BENTON.

New York, N. Y.

HEWES BEFORE, CERF AFTER

So, AS George Gobel says, "so there you are." I agreed with Henry Hewes before I saw "Fanny," and with Cerf wholeheartedly after I had seen it.

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

BOTH ARE RIGHT

HEWES'S answer seemed adequate and much to the point. If he made a mistake, it seems to me that it was one of asking absolutely the best in theatre and expecting to get it, especially from experienced workmen—a characteristic of good drama critics. Hewes generally makes provocative reading, whether or not he favors something, and he doesn't sound as if he only glanced at his subject or ever "fobbed off" other peoples' hard work. I can think offhand of his reports: of French theatre; of "Six Authors in Search of a Sponsor", and on published plays.

MRS. ARTHUR E. DAWSON.

Newark, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI"
Starring
WILLIAM HOLDEN
GRACE KELLY
FREDRIC MARCH
MICKEY ROONEY
with
ROBERT STRAUSS
CHARLES McGRAW
KEIKO AWAJI
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON
Directed by MARK ROBSON
Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES
From the Novel by James A. Michener
A PARAMOUNT Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
CARNIVAL
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige

PULITZER PRIZE • CRITICS' CIRCLE • TONY AWARDS
MAURICE EVANS in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
DAVID WAYNE • JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon

A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • JONATHAN HARRIS • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Settings by PETER LARKIN • Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Music Composed by DAI-KEONG LEE
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify alternate dates.
Mon. thru Thurs. Evs. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.20, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Taxes Incl.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED
Do you have a book-length manuscript you'd like published? Learn about our unusual plan whereby your book can be published, promoted and distributed on a professional basis. We consider all types of work—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, religious and scholarly books, etc. For more information, write for booklet FF. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 120 W. 31 St. N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

NEW EDITIONS

Short of Seventy

THE authors of "The Wrong Box" are always listed as Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, but probably the usual order should be reversed, for there is evidence that Osbourne had blocked out the story pretty thoroughly, and even done a complete version of it, before Stevenson took it in hand for some finishing touches. Whatever the details of authorship, this famous farce is now in the World's Classics (Oxford, $1.35), with an introduction by Bernard Darwin that is written in the facetiously reverent mood common to the Baker Street Irregulars when they approach the vicinity of Number 221B. Indeed, Mr. Darwin begins his introduction with the flat statement: "Perhaps no book boasts worshipers more utterly devoted than can 'The Wrong Box.' They regard themselves as an elect body; they quote the book to each other in and out of season; they look with pity on those who have never read it and with ineffable scorn on those who having read it do not enjoy it." These are warm persuasive words, but I can only think that Mr. Darwin speaks for a generation that is passing, or largely passed, for I cannot believe that many readers who are under seventy today spend much of their time quoting the choicest bits of "The Wrong Box" to one another. But there are choice bits, and choice characters, and it is a pity not to know them; and the whole ridiculous yarn is, to my mind, great fun. A friend of mine, a professor of English for whose opinion I have great respect, calls the book "utter rubbish." I disagree firmly, for I find it delightful nonsense. Never have writers managed to extract more sport from an errant corpse. Of course, I can't go as far as Mr. Darwin; but the explanation, probably, is that I am still quite a few years short of seventy.

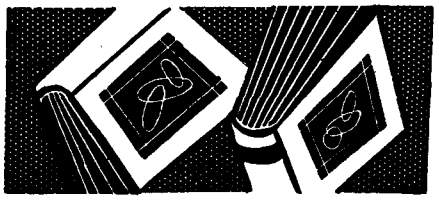
When Christopher Isherwood spent the years from 1929 to 1933 in Berlin, an artistic temperament came in contact with a social situation, and the result was fiction that made a literary reputation. Mr. Isherwood's reputation still rests on the writing that came out of his Berlin experiences—no subsequent adventures have so brightly kindled his talent—so it is good to have "The Berlin Stories" in a single volume (New Directions, $3.50). Here you will find "The Last of Mr. Norris" and "Goodbye to Berlin"; here you will find an imaginative reconstruction of a reality odd enough to stimulate the liveliest imagination; here you will find fiction worth rereading.

"The Damned" (Lion Books, 35¢), edited by Daniel Talbot, is a far, far better thing than its sensational title and provocative cover-girl might suggest. In fact, it is an anthology of first-rate short stories by writers of the stature—or varying statures—of Hemingway, Gorki, Joyce, Zweig, Maupassant, Anderson, and some others who can keep pace with the company in which they find themselves. If it takes a cover-girl in a transparent dress to sell such writing, then one can only praise the girl for a job well done. Those who buy to look will remain to read.

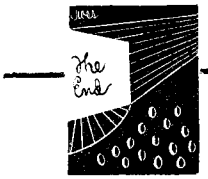
THE famous Nelson Classics (Thomas Nelson Sons) are back in circulation in this country, thereby creating more competition among low-priced books in the hard-cover field. I have seen only four of these handy little volumes—"Vanity Fair" ($1.25), "David Copperfield" ($1.25), Hugo's "Notre Dame" ($1), and "The Last of the Mohicans" ($1)—but there are many more titles in the series from which to choose.

Philip Duschenes is distributing a delicately beautiful Folio Society edition of "Daphnis and Chloe" ($5), with etchings by Vertes that bring the very breath of youth to the page; and he is also importing "Ask Mamma" ($6), as the sixth volume in the Folio Society edition of the not-too-serious-but-ever-enjoyable works of R. S. Surtees, whose sporting tales remain eminent in their field. Notable additions to the Modern Library are "Great Voices of the Reformation" ($2.45), an anthology, edited with commentaries by Harry Emerson Fosdick, and "An Anthology of Irish Literature" ($1.45), edited by David H. Greene. And for those who like good reading in small portions, I recommend "A Renaissance Treasury" (Doubleday, $6), edited by Hiram Haydn and John Charles Nelson.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Who'll Buy Violence?

ONE of the most exciting suspense scenes I have ever seen in films was in a Hitchcock early-times called "The Woman Alone," in which a small boy carried a valise containing a time-bomb across London. And when the minute hand reached the hour the boy was blown up.

A similar time-bomb ticks all through the astonishing French film **"Wages of Fear,"** and it has the added piquance that we never know the exact moment when it is going to go off. And for almost the first time in film history a camera crew has approached the South American-Central American littoral without stopping off at Devil's Island. They have picked instead a less attractive place, a sun-baked oil-town in Central America, where a gang of international tramps keep themselves bored scrounging drinks at the local bar and dreaming of earning plane fare to get away.

Suddenly an opportunity presents itself. Three hundred miles in the hills an oil well explodes. Two teams of truck drivers are offered $2,000 a man to drive a load of nitroglycerine over the tortuous mountain trails to blow the fire out.

If the first half of the film has been atmospheric and laggard, things begin to perk up when the trucks begin to toil up the mountain roads. The nearly unbearable suspense of the trip is presented as a test of the manhood of the four characters who have been selected to drive, but it is almost a test of the amount of tension an audience can stand.

Clouzot has cast his picture well, using Charles Vanel as a hard-bitten confidence man and Yves Montand, the Parisian chansonnier, as a young man who takes him for a mentor in the village but finds him wanting in courage on the road.

Colorful as the players are, they do not really matter in this naked, spiritually-empty film. What matters is that the director has decided to blow them up, and the only question is when and how.

* * *

Tricky as it might be to base the analysis of a single film on national character, it is clear that there have been few films quite so British as **"The Intruder,"** a recent British attempt to deal realistically with the problem of the man with the gun. In this Associated Artists Production a retired British colonel (Jack Hawkins) discovers that the burglar in his parlor (Michael Medwin) is none other than the chap who proved himself a mighty fine soldier in tank crews during the war. Colonel tries to set burglar right by offering him whisky and advice, but the burglar will have none of it, and buzzes off. Now the officer has to look up the men in his old unit to try to find the poor chap, and by a flashback technique we also learn the story of the wartime adventures of some of the men in this particular armored squadron.

It takes rather a long time till we get back to the burglar in the parlor, who turns out to have been the unluckiest waif in Great Britain, what with a cruel uncle beating the hide off a younger brother and a blonde girl-friend who has taken up with a flat-footed spiv.

* * *

A home-grown variety of the man with the gun appears in Universal's **"Six Bridges to Cross,"** a film based on *Collier's* hypothetical version of the Brink's robbery in Boston. The film is chiefly interesting for its documentation of how a police department catches criminals: *i.e.*, by other criminals squealing for their own advantage.

As in the magazine story, the picture traces the association of an honest cop and the reform-school kid he has wounded in a neighborhood burglary. Over the years the hoodlum feeds the officer enough information to win him promotion to lieutenant of detectives. At the same time the crook becomes one of the powerful gangland executives in the Boston suburbs, ignoring the corrective sermons of the policeman who has become his friend.

In the original story the cop knows that the criminal has planned the robbery of the Armored Car Company from the service station which he has purchased across the street, but no legally admissible proof can be produced. The film-makers have thought it necessary to alter this ending in the interests of good citizenship. I suppose they had their reasons.

In any case, "Six Bridges to Cross" is a sociological document of some interest, but as a good cops-and-robbers story it lacks those suspenseful scenes which our picture people have done so well ever since the days of "The Great Train Robbery."

—Lee Rogow.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

M-G-M's "Bad Day at Black Rock" is a red-letter day in suspense, a great day for Color and CinemaScope and an acting field day for a fine cast headed by Spencer Tracy.

A streamliner screeches to an unscheduled stop in the small desert town of Black Rock. This is its first stop in four years and the entire population of 37 souls freezes in mid-motion, like hunted men at a sudden knock on the door.

A stranger steps off the train. A fog of fear — so thick you can taste it — quivers across the brooding row of hushed houses.

Thus begins a spine-tingler — filmed at fever-pitch with the exactitude and importance we expect in a personal Dore Schary production.

Why has the interloper, the man Macreedy, come? Here is one of the great roles, greatly played by Tracy. Macreedy is tempered steel, flecked with gentle humor; a proud man with the look of eagles.

Robert Ryan turns in a towering performance as the bully who bestrides Black Rock—a suave leer of a man with a special reason for keeping the town's grim secret.

Walter Brennan, that player of many arts, is a superb town wit. Caught in the middle of the chilling riddle, Anne Francis is a white-hot jet in blue-jeans. John Ericson's frightened youth, Dean Jagger's drunken sheriff, Ernest Borgnine's and Lee Marvin's stinging brute-studies generate excitement.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR SPENCER TRACY, ROBERT RYAN, in "BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK", co-starring ANNE FRANCIS, DEAN JAGGER, WALTER BRENNAN, JOHN ERICSON, ERNEST BORGNINE, LEE MARVIN, RUSSELL COLLINS. Screen play by Millard Kaufman. Adaptation by Don McGuire, based on a story by Howard Breslin. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Dore Schary. An M-G-M Picture.

NOW PLAYING
RIVOLI
B'way at 49th St. • Cl. 7-1633

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS AT NEW YORK ART THEATRES

GRETA GARBO IS BACK IN HER GREATEST HIT
M-G-M's
"CAMILLE"
co-starring
ROBERT TAYLOR
TRANS-LUX Normandie
57th St. at 6th Ave. • JU. 6-4448

The Intruder
SUSPENSE! ACTION! COMEDY and HEART!
PLAZA
58 St. Nr. Madison
at 12, 1:45, 3:30, 5:15, 7, 8:45 & 10:30

BARRY FITZGERALD in
"Tonight's the Night"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
TRANS-LUX 52nd at Lexington

New York Critics Award!
"Best Foreign Film of the Year!"
GATE of HELL

Guild 50th
33 W. 50th St. at Rock. Pl.
PL 7 2406-7

Gian-Carlo Menotti's
The Saint of Bleecker Street
"THE MOST POWERFUL DRAMA OF THE SEASON!"
—ATKINSON, Times
"STUNNING, WONDERFUL MUSICAL THEATRE!"
—CHAPMAN, News

BROADWAY THEATRE
Broadway & 53rd Street
Eves. 8:30. Sat. Mat. 2:30
(No Mid-week Mat.)

"SUPERB." Atkinson, Times
VIVECA EUGENIE
LINDFORS • LEONTOVICH
IN A NEW PLAY
ANASTASIA
with JOSEPH ANTHONY
AND HURD HATFIELD

LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th Street
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Over 1,000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free, illustrated brochure. *We can Publish Your Book.*
EXPOSITION PRESS
Dept. SR-55, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16
In Calif.: 9172 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46

TV AND RADIO

This and That

THE debate along Madison Avenue this season is the reason for the popularity of Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" over its NBC competition, "The Colgate Comedy House." The answer is quite obvious. Every Sunday night Mr. Sullivan introduces famous people in his audience—quite often famous golfers. Every week viewers tune in hoping to see Eisenhower rise and take a bow.

Of course, there are two other, more logical, reasons. Mr. Sullivan, an astute newspaperman, builds his variety show as he would write a newspaper story. He starts his show at once with a headline announcing that two big Hollywood stars are on hand to display some hidden talent, follows it with a sub-head proclaiming the presence of the highest-priced nightclub star, and leads off his story with the promise of a preview from an unreleased Hollywood picture after which the star will take a bow, and meanwhile here to start the show is the singing sensation of one of Broadway's biggest hit musicals. Meanwhile the Colgate hour has not yet gotten off the ground.

The second reason for the success of "Toast" is the complete disintegration of the entertainment this season on the Colgate hour. Besides having vainly attempted to instil some life into several beat-book musicals—"Revenge with Music" comes to mind—the hour has also lost some of the stars who used to be regulars on the show, and the few who remain seem to have lost their enthusiasm for television. Martin and Lewis, their biggest draw, seem to work as if they're afraid to be caught taking their work seriously. Their lunacy, which should be studied but appears to be disorganized, is in fact disorganized and it appears that nobody studied. Mr. Lewis seems to concentrate his talents on facial contortions. The other fellow I don't understand at all. Anymore than I can understand how the Colgate Palmolive people have let this show slip through their fingers. They better send for Peet.

* * *

A note from Hal Kanter, who masterminds the refreshing George Gobel show:

"I want to thank you for describing my contribution to the Gobel show as 'deft and inventive.' I would also like to learn the name of the deft, inventive printer who invented the extra "l" in my name, Hall Kanter instead of Hal. He must be a fellow who used to work for *Look*, because for five years now my copies have come addressed to one Hall Kanter. But now that my name has graced the pages of *The Saturday Review* I may change it legally to Hall. I will stand less chance of being confused with other Hals: Block, Fimberg, Horne, Wallis, and Hals, Frans (Dutchman, *circa* 1600, also deft and inventive)."

So our apologies to Hal Kanter, with one "l"; deft and inventive writer of the George Globel show.

* * *

Coincidentally, my nomination for the best TV gag of 1954 is one of Mr. Gobel's. He was saying how shy his brother was. "Well, I'll tell how shy he was," said Mr. Gobel. "He was fourteen-month baby."

* * *

The other evening on his TV newscast Doug Edwards told us that the eleven American airmen were still held prisoners by the Chinese Communists; he showed us pictures of natives fleeing a flood which laid their villages low; the Costa Rica invasion by rebels; two planes collide in midair killing fifteen; and the President warns that an atom-bomb war may be impossible to prevent.

That was the evening's news and Mr. Douglas told it to us in detail as he should. That part was all right. But just ahead of Mr. Douglas, when the CBS EYE came into view at the stationbreak, the announcer had told us to stay tuned to CBS "where everything looks good."

* * *

A comment by the acerbic Fred Allen, who now finds himself involved in the book business, having written the story of his struggle against conformity in radio when he tried, and succeeded in, raising the level of entertainment in that medium. Asked if the publishers of his hilarious and enlightening book "Treadmill to Oblivion" were giving it enough advertising promotion, Mr. Allen explained:

"Well, my publishers don't have too big a budget. They spent most of it on a man who walks through Grand Central Station with a copy of the book under his arm."

—GOODMAN ACE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Tosca" on TV, etc.

THERE is much to be said about the "Tosca" offered by the NBC-TV Opera Theatre that goes beyond the scope of a review or the columns of a weekly report, beginning with the choice of Leontyne Price to sing the title role, John Gutman's English translation, the general production values, etc. At least one performer was virtually beyond reproach—David Poleri as Cavaradossi, singing beautifully and withstanding the searching lens with a suitable dramatic presence.

For one performing her first full operatic role anywhere Miss Price showed a resource of vocal power that, in time, may make her an admirable dramatic singer. However, the native fervor that made her Bess impressive didn't provide her with the carriage, deportment, or physical stature to support the kind of illusion Puccini required. Those who welcome the opportunities afforded Negro artists on their merits must nevertheless ask that the opportunities be well used.

The sticking-point in this instance is that there is hardly a moment from her entrance that someone isn't talking about Tosca's appearance, her beauty, radiance, etc. When the image and the word are so constantly contradictory illusion is obviously remote. Within the limits of her experience Miss Price sang with good artistic purpose, excellent sound both high and low, a clean enunciation of the text.

That text, in a brief summary, was mostly well matched to the music of the moment, though such phrases as "suspicions of amorous intrigue" inevitably crept in. Certainly Gutman's words made it possible to follow the sense (or nonsense) involved with no more effort than turning on the TV, but the union of sound was never so complete as it is in the original. However, till one can analyze the poetic worth of the Giocosa-Illica text it is well to refrain from taxing Gutman with some of the English phrases that emerged.

In other respects this "Tosca" was excellent in architectural detail, spaciousness of the set, illusion of distances. However, the lighting was never quite satisfactory (better in the "exterior" of Act III than the interiors), the mixing of orchestral and vocal sound not as well balanced as desirable. Josh Wheeler showed aptitude in his Scarpia, but sounded like a bass-baritone uneasy in the high tones, which are not numerous but, unfortunately, occur at climaxes. Peter Herman Adler's musical direction, somewhat languid in pace, was typically thoroughgoing. But without a really dramatic Tosca any conductor would be hard-pressed to produce a dramatic "Tosca."

MATTIWILDA DOBBS'S first recital in Town Hall confirmed her ability to sing any sequence of high, fast-moving notes with dazzling purity of sound and persuasive ease. Certainly the audience which filled the hall responded with enthusiasm to this Lena Horne of the concert stage. Those who listened for more than a sequence of pretty sounds found a disquieting sameness in her interpretations of Schubert and Strauss songs, and not much evidence of progress in understanding since her recording of a year ago.

Miss Dobbs has taste and musicality to her credit, but no real understanding of how to project such a simple song as "Heidenröslein," let alone "Nacht und Traeume" or Strauss's "An die Nacht" or "Amor." On the other hand, Egk's intricate variations on a Viennese song were dispatched with an aplomb that belied their difficulties. If Miss Dobbs is to have more than a short, spectacular success and a swift decline she should look to the building of her middle and low voice, acquire a more subtle command of languages, and, in a word, put a solid foundation under her artistic penthouse. She began with Joachim Rodrigo's "Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios," and also sang works of Roussel and Milhaud. Paul Berl was the helpful pianist.

Other vocal news of the week included the debut of Giuseppe Campora, a young Italian tenor (currently in the film version of "Aida"), as Rodolfo in the season's first "Boheme" at the Metropolitan. Campora is an engaging figure on the stage, slim and believable, with a voice of attractive freshness and clarity. It seemed somewhat small for the big auditorium, meaning that he fared better in the solo episodes (Acts I and III and IV) than in the ensembles. In the same cast Ettore Bastianini sang a hearty Marcello (his first) and Dorothy Kirsten compelled attention if not admiration with her forceful but hard-sounding Mimi. Fausto Cleva was the conductor.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS is a figure of such stature in contemporary music that it was heartening to see the size and interest of the audience that turned out for his guest appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. It could not be said, however, that this evening of his music was enthusiastically received, even though there were two "novelties"—his eighth symphony (1950) and a harp concerto. There was, indeed, an uncomfortable exodus prior to the "Chorós No. 6," which completed the evening.

Whether or not the audience comprehended the cause for its reaction, it had to do largely with the fact (in a paraphrase of the classic sports epigram) that Villa-Lobos is "good compose, no conduct." He took to the public direction of his music—in this country, at any rate—rather late in life, and he has no part of the technique, finesse, or specialized flair that such men as Stravinsky and Hindemith bring to the task. In consequence, even the Philadelphia Orchestra was woolly in sound, uncertain in definition in the unfamiliar pieces.

As between them, the most consecutive interest emerged in the harp concerto (a work of 1953), which introduced as soloist the Spanish Nicanor Zabaleta, a wizard on his instrument, to New York. So far as the circumstances of performance permitted, the four-movement work seemed decidedly more than a collection of pretty effects, with a particularly intricate, well-written part for the harp. However, Villa-Lobos was partial to muted strings to provide the harp with additional acoustical advantage, and this—coupled with his limited sense of dynamics—made for a kind of murmurous background throughout. Zabaleta is a musician of fastidious taste and strong lyric inclinations, as he demonstrated whenever the Villa-Lobos score permitted projection of a melodic line.

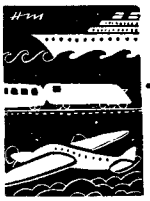
As for the Symphony No. 8, one is slightly handicapped by coming in on this particular phase of Villa-Lobos's compositional drama in the third act, so to speak, without knowing what has preceded. The first impression was that the composer does not have the symphonic disposition, that his ideas do not lend themselves easily to reworking and modification, that his essential gift for color and movement, swift changes of mood, and deviations from tradition are ill-suited to formal organization. The slow movement has charm and the following scherzo develops some engagingly Brazilian features, but the finale is weak. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AVIANCA
"The Oldest Airline in the Americas"
Super Constellations
Non-Stop to KINGSTON or MONTEGO BAY
Jamaica
Less than 6 hours from New York.
See your Travel Agent or
PAN AMERICAN Gen'l Agts.
80 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C., 17 ST 6-0600
Boston • Philadelphia • Washington

EUROPE by CAR
more fun by far
As low as $83 a month
New 1955 Simca-Ford, Renault, Citroen, etc.
3 PLANS TO CHOOSE FROM
• PURCHASE with fixed-price repurchase guarantee.
• NO PURCHASE price to pay.
• STRAIGHT Rental.
Unlimited Mileage.
Write For Free Literature Dept. S-5
Europe by Car
Overseas Motors Corp.
290 Park Av. (at 49 St.), N.Y. PL 5-4739

THE BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd St., Newton, Massachusetts
Founded in 1891 to conduct foreign tours for intelligent travelers under the friendly inspiring guidance of well-known American scholars, the Bureau operates as a non-profit education foundation. Thousands of Americans have taken advantage of our services. In addition to a carefree, happy vacation our patrons enjoy a stimulating cultural adventure. Write for announcements, full information, itineraries, etc. WINTER, SPRING & SUMMER TOURS.



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Old Gamblers Fade Away

LAS VEGAS.

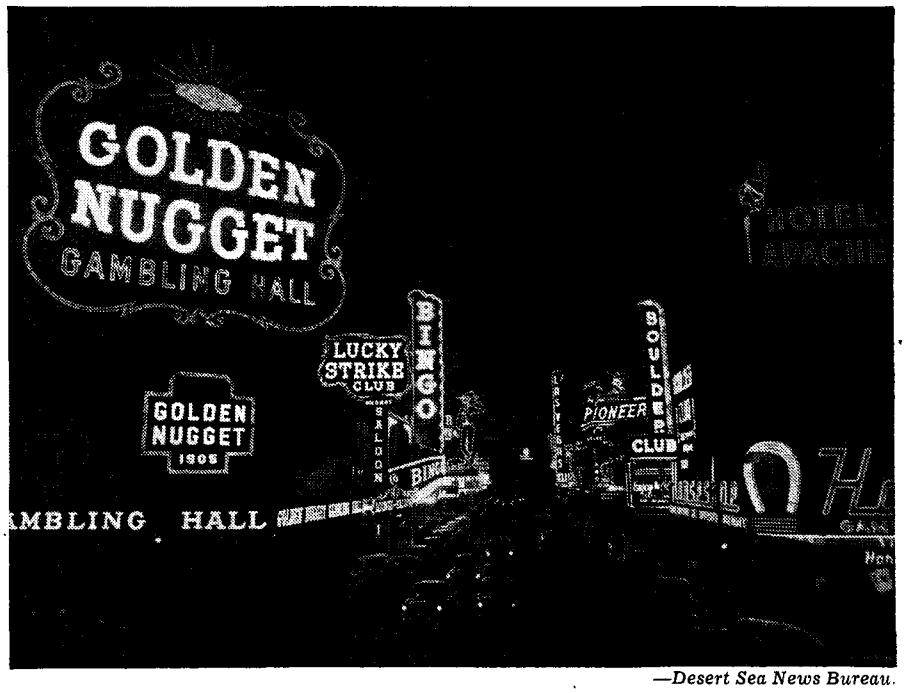
FOR the 200,000 passengers who land and take off from McCarran Field at Las Vegas every year the sight of the bronze head of the late Pat McCarran looking out on twenty-three slot machines may be uplift enough. Other citizens, requiring less spiritual and more practical aid, may be directed three paces to the left where, for twenty-five cents, one may put nose to nozzle and breathe pure oxygen for a quick charge. One minute of pure oxygen, which can become a rather desirable commodity in Las Vegas, "eases," says the sign, "distress of over-indulgence, drowsiness, fatigue, nervousness."

It is difficult to see how anyone could ever become drowsy in Las Vegas with all that is going on, but over-indulgence, that's a cinch. Downtown Fremont Street is lined on both sides with gambling houses. The Boulder Club ("the club that goes on forever like Boulder Dam") advertises "Jackpots All the Time" and indeed provides paper cups so you can cart your coins up to the cashier, who will spill them into a machine like a coffee grinder at the A. and P. The machine racks up the count automatically. Players sit at one-arm school-tables, fitted with inkpots and brushes, and mark numbers on a sheet. Then they sit with anticipation to watch numbered ping-pong balls drop out of a cage. You can win as much as $10,000 and there's a new game every ten minutes.

At the poker tables Indian faces and Chinese faces, shaded with off-green and clay-gray fedoras, gnarled laborers, and polished secretaries from the office next door spend the lunch-hour trying to beat the house. It is noon and there is the tattooed man and the coffee-sipper and the silver-dollar diddler and a man with a lucky hatband made of seashells and a frumpy redhead in a silver-fox cape.

The Golden Nugget is a fabulous place with wall-to-wall carpets and slot machines decorated with built-in red lights and Indian heads and naked figurines. A sign in 1890s type hanging over the cashier's desk advises all passersby that the house is protected by an automatic police alarm. The immense canopy over the bar is upheld by a pair of twin figures each of which is a horned satyr carved out of mahogany gripping a damsel in a flying tackle. A huge spinning wheel clicks in the corner, croupiers in white shirts and black ties rake in the chips, and, sitting on their high perches, the box men supervise the play.

Joe W. Brown's Horseshoe Club draws the customers with a singular



—Desert Sea News Bureau.

Fremont Street, Las Vegas—Rue de la Paix of play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

display. A large golden horseshoe is the frame for two sheets of glass. Inside the glass are one hundred $10,000 bills, which is to say, a million dollars. If you figure the interest even from Government bonds it is an expensive stopper. The Lucky Strike Club catches the eye with two giant animated figures of prospectors who pan for gold on the canopy above the entrance. At the Las Vegas Club the one-armed bandits are cast-iron images of one armed bandits.

There is a Par-a-Dice Motel. Also Honest Brown's Motel. A Lucky Cab Company. The beer is Lucky Lager. Its slogan is "Have a Lucky New Year." The call letters of a local radio station are KENO. The grandstand of the racetrack is painted pink. The Downtown Liquor Store has four slot machines. Roxy's, the local *maison* of dalliance, five miles out of town, three shifts of twenty girls each, closed January 3.

Last year eleven million tourists came to Las Vegas. Most of them stayed on The Strip, a collection of eight resort hotels on a flat wasteland area, $1.70 on the cab meter from Fremont Street. The eight will soon be joined by others, including an eight-story building and a 1,032-room extravaganza to be called The Stardust. A new hotel has offered Joan Crawford what in other circles might be a healthy yearly salary to shake hands on opening night. Liberace is booked into a Strip hotel for $50,000, a week's work. When I buzzed in on a Trans World Airliner from naive little New York the other night you had your choice along the Strip of Jimmy Durante, Sophie Tucker, Tony Martin, Xavier Cugat, Fred Waring, Lena Horne, and the Minsky Follies.

Strangely enough, no Strip hotel charges either cover or minimum and you can see a $27,000-act dispense about two grands' worth of entertainment over a fifty-cent Coke. The management figures you'll make up the difference in the gaming chambers. If you are used to walking into gambling rooms through guarded portals let me assure you that in most hotels the crap tables, the roulette wheels, the twenty-one games are roughly cheek by jowl with the registration desk. The Last Frontier, an earlier hotel and perhaps more modest than some, tucks its gaming rooms alongside the bar. Nor is there an air of muffled elegance such as one finds at Monte Carlo or Estoril or the Winter Casino at Cannes. A five-piece combo is liable to be pulverizing a mambo in the corner.

On an adjoining acre the Last Frontier operates The Silver Slipper as part of a living museum of Westerniana which it has assembled. The

Little more than a day away by TWA

EGYPT

Where East Meets West Amidst The Wonders of Antiquity

The Sphinx and the Pyramids . . . the newly discovered treasures of ancient Pharaohs . . . the mighty Nile and the vast desert . . . mosques and bazaars and caravans . . . all the fascination of Egypt now so easily accessible by swift TWA Constellations . . . and at low, low Sky Tourist fares! Enjoy a wonderful travel treat . . . take advantage of an outstanding travel value . . . visit Egypt by TWA!

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR TWA

Fly the finest... FLY TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

In cooperation with
EGYPTIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST—BY RAIL!

SAVE with Thrift Tour Tickets!
1,000 miles of "Go-as-you-please" rail travel in Britain.
$18 3rd CLASS ONLY $27 1st CLASS
Also good for reservations, all Irish cross-channel services, including berths, and rail travel in Northern Ireland and points between Dublin and Belfast. Valid for six months. Not on sale overseas.

Depend upon British Railways for fast, frequent services . . . for delightfully comfortable, low-cost travel and tours in Britain. And when you go to Ireland and the Continent, use the equally convenient day or night facilities provided by 33 direct sea routes.

CIRCULAR TOUR TICKETS
Another Bargain Feature—10% Savings on Travel throughout Britain and Ireland.
Secure these, too, before you leave Train and cross-channel ship reservations; attractive tours by rail/motor coach/ship.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or British Railways Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For literature, please write Dept. 32
BRITISH RAILWAYS, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planning a trip to Europe?

INCLUDE sparkling Scandinavia

DENMARK • FINLAND
NORWAY • SWEDEN

Wonderfully different in many ways . . . yet alike in friendliness! These are happy lands . . . lands of sunlit nights . . . fjords and fairy tale towns . . . ancient castles and modern designs for living . . . gay outdoor cafes and fabulous food! . . . Come in glorious Spring.

Ask your Travel Agent for free illustrated folders, or write

SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION
Dept. A-4, Box 80, New York 10, N. Y.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Amazing Travel Values!
Econ-o-Tours
to EUROPE
For Students, Teachers, Professional People
FROM $695 52 Days 12 Countries

Congenial groups, Expert Leadership. Comfortable Accommodations, Good Meals, Private Motor-coach in Europe.
Other Tours: June 1st "Queen Elizabeth"; June 6th "Groote Beer"; June 13th "Conte Biancamano"; June 17th "Vulcania"; June 18th "Arosa Star"; June 30th "Saturnia"; July 1st "Jerusalem"; July 27th "Groote Beer," others.
Ask for free booklet S. E.

Columbia Tours, inc.
554 Fifth Ave. (45th St.), N. Y. 36
COlumbus 5-2600

REACH THE HEART OF EUROPE

SEE FOR YOURSELF what is going on in Europe. Get behind the scenes. Talk with the leaders in business, education, government, and religion. Talk with the man on the street.
VISIT all the famous sights. Frequent off-the-beat hamlets and towns.
60 days by ship — All inclusive cost $1275
45 days by air — All inclusive cost $1335
SPECIAL ITINERARIES skillfully arranged for groups with your comfort and enjoyment in mind.
Write for information

FRIENDSHIP TOURS INTERNATIONAL
BOX 1798, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Slipper, with red damask walls, offers gambling, boozing, and the other night a burlesque show featuring Sally Rand. Down the street in daylight hours an ice-cream parlor offers jawbreakers in confectionery jars. old juke boxes, especially one that plays a pair of violins mechanically. For two bits you can hear the nickelodeon that once played in Goldie's House of Painted Women at Winnemucca, Nevada. For a dime you can play the machine from The Old Blue Goose at Tuscarora. Winnemucca is a much bigger place.

STANDARD attractions for all Strip hotels are the showgirls who dance in the line. It is a part of their contract that they adorn the bar between shows and after the last show until 2:30 A.M. A winning patron might throw them a loose bill, everybody throws them a fleeting glance, some throw them a fast proposition. But for the most part they are frequently alone and bored, for men in Las Vegas are chary of girls who work for the house. Sex is second to gambling. After all, the girls go home at 2:30, but the wheels turn twenty-four hours a day.

In a prominent place in the lobby of the Desert Inn, a leading Strip hotel, is a glass box wreathed in spotlights. Inside the box on a satin pillow fringed with gold rests a pair of dice. A sign says, "These are the original dice that made the twenty-eight straight passes." There follows a mounted reprint of an Associated Press dispatch which reads:

> The young man who stepped up unnoticed to a casino crap table last night could in theory have been $264,435,456 richer today. He made twenty-eight consecutive passes with the dice and left a hero. . . . He was cautious and walked away with $750—chicken-feed—but the Desert Inn lost $150,000 to side wagerers.

About all else there is to tell you is that tourists leave $149,626,480 in Las Vegas every year. Also, they bet about $50 millions annually. Moreover, you can get a divorce in town on the forty-fourth day after arrival. Complete list of attorneys in the classified directory. You can also get married in a hurry for five dollars license fee, and the Hitching Post Wedding Chapel, 226 South 5th St., charges $12 for the ceremony and is open twenty-four hours a day. Perhaps I should also tell you that the Las Vegas Chess Club meets Tuesdays at eight and that this department broke even playing ten-cent roulette. We are the last of the big spenders.

—HORACE SUTTON.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES
BY MOTOR
Tour sails June 22 on the new Saxonia visiting the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland, the Cathedral Towns, English Lakes and Shakespeare Country, the South Coast, Devon and Cornwall, Shropshire, Cheshire and Wales with a short visit to Paris and the Low Countries. Duration 50 Days. Price $1349. Other attractive tours Spring and Summer.
Bailey, James & Gordon, Inc.
419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

HOLIDAY in Europe
SAVE UP TO 20% • Travel in the Spring
ESCORTED GRAND TOUR
56 days from $1450.
Featuring England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France,
De Luxe and First Class Hotels.
Departures: April 9, 20, 27, May 11, 26, June 8, July 7, August 31st.
SELECT FROM OVER 250 INDEPENDENT OR ESCORTED TRIPS FROM $486
WRITE OR PHONE FOR BOOKLET "SR"
EMBASSY TOURS
1472 Broadway (42 ST.), N. Y. 36, N. Y.
Tel: OXford 5-2121

Summer Festival Tour
visiting France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland and England.
62-Day Tour (inclusive cost)
$1485
Leaving July 13th from New York on "Isle De France"
For Illustrated Booklet Write Dept. S

Four seasons travel service inc.
Bancroft Hotel Lobby
Worcester, Mass. Tel. 3-2906

ADVENTURE
trips to every corner of the globe for the "young of all ages"

EUROPE $59
MEXICO 15
SOUTH AMERICA 69
ORIENT 129
WEST 39
MEDITERRANEAN 99
ROUND THE WORLD $139
Minimum all-inclusive prices from U. gateway cities.
YOU'LL SEE MORE, SPEND LESS!
Your Travel Agent or
SITA Students International Travel Assn. 22nd Yea
545 Fifth Ave., New York 17 • MU 2-654

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 13

religion, theatre, politics, libraries, and so on. Recent advances in scholarship have made it possible for Mr. Hubbell to give fresh reports on many half-forgotten figures. Authors like William Byrd, John Pendleton Kennedy, Thomas Holley Chivers, Hugh Swinton Legaré, the Southern humorists—to name but a scant handful—are returned from historical obscurity and given renewed importance. That is not to say that Mr. Hubbell has attempted to give false stature to minor figures. He has, rather, attempted through total, cumulative presentation to restore a balance.

—EDWARD A. BLOOM.

TRANSCENDENTALISTS AND ESTHETICISM: As Charles R. Metzger points out, "The New England transcendentalists have not generally been looked upon as the founders and champions of an esthetic philosophy in America. They were protestant ministers, most of them, ostensibly concerned more with man's prospects of salvation than with the contemplation of beauty." But in his volume **"Emerson and Greenough"** (University of California Press, $3) Mr. Metzger demonstrates that the philosopher-poet and the sculptor were pioneer spokesmen of an American esthetic which was the outgrowth of essentially native thought and conditions. Credit is given these two distinguished men—who, curiously, arrived independently at comparable conclusions—for bringing to American thought a maturity and self-sufficiency equal in value to European developments in the 1830s and 1840s. Although the esthetic tenets of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Horatio Greenough were not put into immediate practice they became the prophecies of later generations. Both of them found architecture the most hospitable art form for their theories because it best supported their faith in organicism and functionalism. This dual concept has since found wide acceptance. Mr. Metzger here describes how Emerson and Greenough rebelled against the narrow imitation of European neo-classical proscription, and the processes by which they related the religious tendencies of their time to organic-functional awareness. They were, indeed, giving voice to a current temper of which Walt Whitman said, "The priest departs, the divine literatus comes." In making clear this relationship and development the present volume affords a useful revaluation in the history of esthetics.

—E. A. B.

THE GREAT CIRCLE ROUTE

Lowest Air Fares to Europe!

Fly the Great Circle Route to Europe at the *lowest* transatlantic air fares obtainable anywhere. Mighty four-engine Douglas Skymasters with U. S.-trained Scandinavian pilots and crews give you the *highest* in flight performance, comfort and on-time arrival. Enjoy excellent meals, reclining seats, friendly, attentive service all the way. C.A.B. certificated.

Regularly Scheduled Flights via Iceland to
NORWAY • SWEDEN • DENMARK • GERMANY
Direct connections to all Europe and the Middle East.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR
15 West 47th Street, New York 36. PL 7-8585
209 Post St., San Francisco 8, Calif. YU 2-1036

Freighter Voyages

Travel the comfortable leisurely way. Be one of an intimate ships company on a voyage of adventure and romance. Visit Japan, Manila, Hong Kong. See Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Spotless cheerful Norwegian ships. Luxurious cabins with private bath or showers. Tasteful, tempting meals — smorgasbord. Courteous, capable English speaking Officers, stewardesses and crews. For real satisfaction nothing equals freighter travel. Enjoy the best via the IVARAN LINES
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE
IVARAN Lines
STOCKARD & COMPANY INC.
General Agents
17 BATTERY PLACE NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

21 WAYS TO SAVE $$$ PLANS TO SEE MORE OF
EUROPE

These dollar-saving Plans for your European trip mean more time there, more travel, more comfort . . . fine meals, hotels, all expenses paid. Your best buy, any season, anywhere. Find out about the "SEAGULL SPECIAL," 14 wonderful days on specially-chartered train through romantic Europe, hotel each night. Your choice of 21 exciting POLY Tours . . . Thrift, Standard, deLuxe or with your own chauffeur-driven car. For Folders, ask your Travel Agent or write Dept. S

Poly Tours, INC.
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Europe's Largest Independent Tour Operators

FORD abroad
European Built
$795.52

Order here for TAX-FREE delivery on arrival in London or Paris, Bremen, Rome, Oslo, etc. Travel permits, maps, procured trouble-free. See Europe for far less by car! NO BOND REQUIRED. All travel service, routings, regulations, literature on FORD INTERNATIONAL cars available at no charge on request. JU 2-4650

Fine Cars

INC. 152-154 W. 56 St., New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 16

make, too, as does Manfred, a philosophic hound, and Wondermeier, a mouse. Ideas flutter from the page like alarmed quail. Abbreviated flights of playful talk deal with men, women, love, marriage, heroism, cats, dogs, dreams, ants, beauty, urban life, youth, cynicism, death, immortality, and duty (do it long enough "and suddenly you're somebody's husband").

It's no surprise to discover that Sir Henry's mother was an enchantress. His creator is surely a sorcerer.

Notes

WRITERS IN INDIA: Among other things, **"The Bombay Meeting,"** by Ira Morris (Doubleday, $3.95), is the story of how a brilliant young American novelist, who has organized his life into one vast escape mechanism, finds, in the arms of a death-haunted Hindu girl, the courage to face up to a few unpleasant realities.

By focusing the story around an international writers' congress Mr. Morris also attempts to explore the social responsibilities of the artist in our anxious age; and by convening the literary congress in present-day partitioned India he attempts to sort out and examine some of the numerous conflicting courses of action by which the conglomerate peoples of that tragic continent may someday unify themselves. In addition, he attempts to present the divergent personal problems of, among others, a poetasting Maharajah, an ailing English literary middleman who longs to burn with Pater's gemlike flame, and a Jewish refugee novelist who both seeks and shuns the condition of exile to which he has become so accustomed.

Even though it is all blended quite skilfully in terms of plot manipulation it isn't surprising that such a multifarious endeavor results in an overall superficiality, and such is the unevenness of the author's talent that one cannot be sure that he would have achieved a more profound effect by limiting himself to a more concentrated exploration of a smaller area.

The characterization of the young American protagonist is quite unsatisfactory. We are told a good deal about him, but we learn very little. Though he is intended to be a highly intelligent and perceptive man these qualities are rarely apparent, and his Wertherlike suffering, when not counterfeit, seems to have root only in a kind of egregious adolescence. This is especially to be regretted in view of the considerable insight with which some of the lesser characters are developed, and the effective way in which several of the dramatic scenes are so constructed as to constitute compressed, but illuminating symbolic commentaries on the novel's larger thematic aspects. —JEROME STONE.

DIRTY WORK IN NORTH AFRICA: A thriller in the classic mold is **"Three Roads to a Star"** (Putnam, $3.50). The background is topical enough, but David Garth handles it in the manner of the old school, with an elaborately contrived plot and no nonsense about introverted characters. Perhaps this is why Mr. Garth's story has a curiously soothing quality, although it zips along without a languid moment from one crisis to the next.

The focus of most of the action is the diesel-powered yacht *Tranquilla,* slipping languidly into a variety of exotic Mediterranean ports, under rather dubious circumstances. Jim Dana, a Gary Cooper type who owns the *Tranquilla,* and has leased it as a charter vessel, goes out to Casablanca to check up on his property. He finds his boat employed by a spiv named Brioni, and freighted with some curious human cargo. After he has been assaulted a few times Dana gets the idea that the lessees of his boat do not like having the old skipper underfoot; but he is not easily impressionable, and goes along on a winter voyage that has some unscheduled fireworks. Mr. Garth skilfully involves the cruise of the *Tranquilla* with the current disquiet in North Africa and with as baroque a collection of international sneaks as one would care to find.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

BELGIAN CRACKERS: The Flemish farm family which figures in Hugo Claus's **"The Duck Hunt"** (translated by George Libaire and published by Random House at $3), a first novel by a very young Belgian, would feel quite at home on Tobacco Road, except that they would be unable to share the wild, desperate hilarity into which Caldwell's people often explode. All of its members, which include a mentally retarded bastard boy and his pregnant, unmarried half-sister, are bogged down in a quagmire of socially unapproved relationships from which they derive no pleasure at all. And even their very tenuous feeling of family solidarity disintegrates with the entrance of a couple of American soldiers onto the scene.

—H. Riemens

Hugo Claus—"no wild desperate hilarity."

Each chapter is written from the point of view of one or another of the characters, and since their thought processes and language are only superficially differentiated it matters little who is our guide at any given moment. The writing, which carries no apparent burden of unstated meaning, no psycho-symbolic overtones, seems as explicit as a weather report.

Yet, the physical events themselves, and the background of rumination by the various narrators against which they are described, seem not only partial and fragmentary, which may be justified by the multiple point-of-view technique, but also to exclude, or at best be peripheral to, the very elements which might have illuminated the tangled human relationships in terms of which one presumes the story is intended to cohere and develop.

As it is, communicating little more than a diffuse mood of apathy and despair, "The Duck Hunt" evinces a failure imaginatively to assimilate and assign necessary values to the raw material from which it is shaped.

—J. S.

The Chinese Pot

By Walter de la Mare

SUNSETS a myriad have flamed and faded
Since he who "threw" this clay upon his wheel
With life-learned skill its hues and colours graded.
And in his furnace did its glaze anneal:
A Chinese, ages distant. Yet how clear—
In all of essence to our minds most dear—
This thing of beauty brings its maker near!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The NBA Awards

THE sixth annual National Book Awards, the only official recognition given by the entire book publishing industry to writers of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry, have been awarded to the following:

"A Fable," by William Faulkner (Random House, $4.75), a religious allegory based on the events of the false French armistice toward the close of World War I. This is the second time Mr. Faulkner has received an NBA award. Of Mr. Faulkner's new novel Maxwell Geismar wrote in his *SR* review: "It is probably the best novel Faulkner has published in the past decade . . . In 'A Fable' he has, to a certain degree, reconciled his rhetoric and his instincts."

"The Measure of Man," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), a provocative attempt by the author to discover whither modern science is hurrying us. Of Mr. Krutch's book Howard Mumford Jones said in this magazine: "He would be the first to say he is no Voltaire, but his book springs from a conscious assumption of the responsibility of the writer to culture, exemplified in Voltaire, in Arnold, in Will Rogers, and their kind."

"The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens" (Alfred A. Knopf, $7.50), which brings between the covers of one volume most of the work of a distinguished American poet. This is the second time Mr. Stevens has won the award. Of the new collection Gerard Previn Meyer wrote in these pages: "What Mr. Stevens knows today is what he knew yesterday: he has not added to his knowledge, which he had to start with; but he has added to his, and our, ways of knowledge."

A special citation was awarded in the poetry classification to **"Poems: 1923-1954," by E. E. Cummings** (Harcourt, Brace, $6.75). This collection brings together forty years of work of this American poet. Of it David Burns said in *SR*: "It is a body of work of permanent significance; for it should now be apparent that Cummings is one of the finest lyric poets and social satirists America has yet produced."

Only 17¢ a Day...

So little can mean So much to Mario

Yes, 17¢ a day could mean so much to Mario. It could mean, for a whole year, attractive new clothes, bedding and warm blankets, a toy to play with, even food—including extra milk. Mario's parents, struggling to keep their little family together in post-war Italy, do not have that 17¢ a day for their baby.

SCF

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Mario or another needy baby through the SCF baby sponsorship plan. For just $5 a month—$60 a year—you can have food and the essential clothing for the first year sent to a baby in Austria, Greece, France, Western Germany, Italy, or Korea. The Federation will do the shopping, packaging, and mailing for you. You will receive a photograph and full information about "your" baby. You may correspond with his family, so that your generous material aid will become part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS *(a partial list)*

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lynn Fontanne, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Thomas J. Watson

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

- I would like to sponsor a baby in ..... (country) for one year. I will pay $60.00 for one year (or $5 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ..... first month ..... Please send me the baby's name, story, and picture.
- I cannot sponsor a baby, but I want to help by giving $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.... State.....

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax. SR-10

FOR SALE ON LONG ISLAND SOUND NEAR NEW YORK

A Gracious Georgian Home

Priced Well Below Today's Cost To Reproduce

This is a gracious home, warm and inviting . . . and at the same time magnificent in its appointments, and in its setting overlooking the sail-dotted waters of the Larchmont Yacht Basin, only 19 miles from New York City.

The famous yachtsman who built the 15-room house, only a stone's throw from the Larchmont Yacht Club, planned and decorated it with rare good taste. The superlative materials, the beautiful mantels and fine paneling are such as can be found only in the distinguished homes built before the war. The spacious rooms are beautifully planned around a welcoming center hall. The 38' living room opens to an inviting terrace overlooking the water. There are 5 master bedrooms and 5 baths. The lawns sweep down to 300 feet of choice water frontage. This is a home for the family which loves the water and boats and good living Offered at $195,000.

Ask for brochure SR-44366 Consult any broker, or Previews.

PREVIEWS Inc. *The Nationwide Marketing Service*

49 E. 53RD ST., NEW YORK 22 • PLAZA 8-2630

PHILADELPHIA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • PALM BEACH • PARIS

GOOD USED BOOKS

50c-$1 Thousands of librarians and bargain-wise book-buyers get their books from us at regularly fantastic savings. You can too! Lists are free; just drop us a card.

EDITIONS, Desk SR, Hempstead, N. Y.

WOULD YOU RISK 2¢

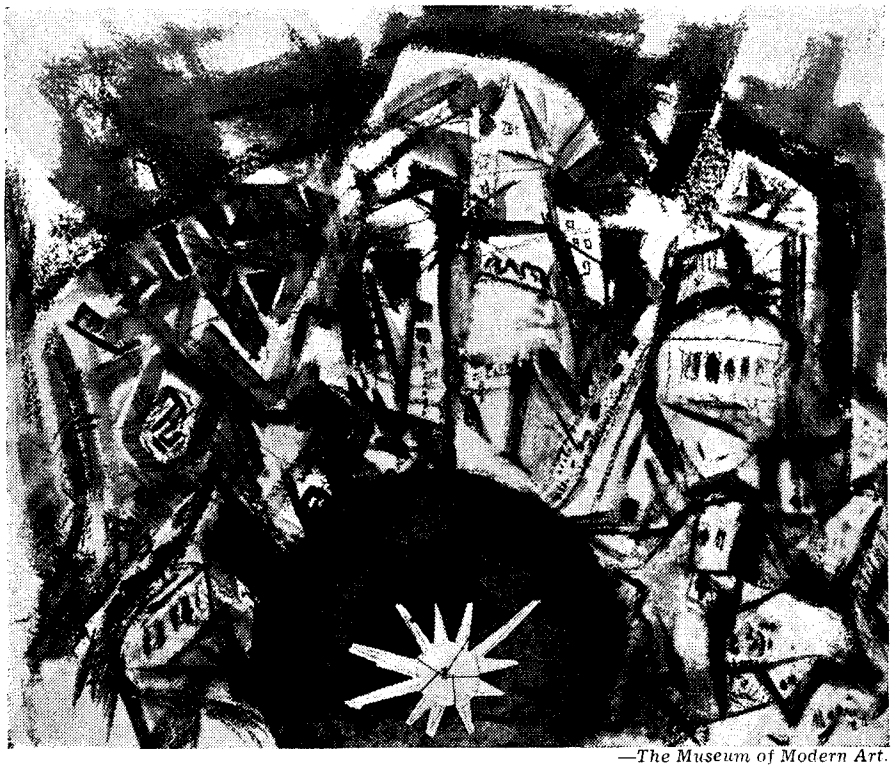
. . . to have your book published? Just send a post card for our free 44 page booklet, PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK. You'll be amazed at how easily and economically we can turn your ms into a successful book—even if you're an unknown. We will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book for you! Just write us!

COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

American Art Marts



—The Museum of Modern Art.

"Lower Manhattan," by John Marin—"long, bitter struggle."

THERE is one point on which nearly all the New York dealers in twentieth-century American art seem to be agreed. This is that the prices for the best American paintings and sculptures cannot often be expected to match those for their counterparts in Paris, the principal reason being that the market in the native field is a local affair. The exchange rate for dollars poses such a grave problem that Europeans and South Americans almost never buy the works of our artists, even on those rare occasions when they admire them greatly. Either the foreign collectors can't purchase dollars, or they are obliged to pay with them prices they think exorbitant, considering the exchange rate. Though these collectors are sometimes willing to outbid our own patrons for works by the international giants of modern art, they balk at paying what we consider our finest artists to be worth.

An element of snobbery enters here, of course, since most foreign collectors are convinced that the major art of our time is being created either in Paris or in their own countries, with the American contribution a peripheral one at most. Yet there are signs that this snobbery is beginning to break down, especially in professional circles and largely outside of France. Not long ago, for example, the director of an important Dutch museum on his visit to New York expressed a deep interest in the paintings of the late Arthur Dove, and curators from Germany and Switzerland have declared themselves astonished by the vigor of what some of our artists are producing today. Thus far this professional enthusiasm has had little effect on public opinion of our art abroad; it has had none whatever on the nearly non-existent export market for American painting and sculpture. One day surely it will have. If at that time a Beardsley Ruml or some other imaginative financial expert could devise a cure for the exchange-rate problem in art our painters and sculptors might sell across the Atlantic, as our print-makers already do in some measure.

Meanwhile, as noted, the market for American art is pretty much a national affair, though occasional mavericks like the sculptor Alexander Calder are in demand in the capitals of Europe and even in India. But despite the lack of international support, prices for our more celebrated artists have shown a remarkable advance since the recent war. Established men like Lyonel Feininger, Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, and others have moved up into the higher brackets. Davis's key pictures, for instance, once offered at around $1,000 and not easily moved, today have gone as high as $7,500. You could buy a fine Shahn for $300 in 1935, for $600 in 1945, and now $3,500 would be a fair estimate. Both Davis and Shahn have waiting lists for their latest works. Similarly, strong newcomers like William De Kooning, Jack Levine, and Jackson Pollock not only are in great demand, but their best canvases fetch as much as $3,000 apiece. Their less eminent colleagues in the abstract and/or expressionist direction have doubled or tripled in price during the past five years. Nor is the market confined to overtly "modern" types of art. The realist Andrew Wyeth sells at once at extremely high prices. His senior in realism, Edward Hopper, has as active a market as Max Weber, dean of American pioneers in abstraction and expressionism.

One keeps wondering whether the prices for American art would not go up faster if our dealers followed the French system of farming out works to other galleries, instead of each rigidly controlling his own stable of painters and sculptors. In Paris before the war a head by Derain or a late Utrillo street-scene was to be seen in half the gallery windows of Paris. One got the impression—erroneous, as it turned out—that these pictures must be admirable because so many promoters were interested in them. I am not for a moment suggesting that our own dealers should pawn off inferior works by means of the same system. But it might help if the paintings and sculptures of our best artists could be looked at in more than one gallery, so that their effect would be cumulative. A very skilled New York dealer in American art believes that this is indeed the case and is buying or taking on consignment works by artists she admires but does not represent as a matter of course. Another dealer, however, has reminded me of a practical difficulty, which is that American artists on the whole are far less prolific than their French colleagues, and that there are therefore not enough works available so that some can be spared for display in other galleries.

AT ANY rate, the market for twentieth-century American art continues to rise, and many of its principal figures are alive to see the rewards for their long, bitter struggle. But John Marin died before his dealer was obliged for tax purposes to hold the total of his annual sales to $50,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Niles Spencer did not live to enjoy their pictures' well-deserved boom. And the saddest —and most infuriating—case of all is that of Arshile Gorky, dead by his own hand in 1948. Year after year Gorky showed his paintings in New York. The prices were extremely low and little was sold. Last year one of his works was bought at roughly $5,000. The tragic circumstances of his suicide may have had something to do with the rise of interest in his work and name. Nevertheless, we should remember that legendary personality is no guarantee of enduring fame for any artist, but must be backed up by authentic talent, as in Gorky's case. Van Gogh's madness and severed ear, Gauguin's flamboyance, Lautrec's deformity, Modigliani's dissipation—these undoubtedly have been factors in hastening the artists' apotheosis in the public's mind. But the actual buyers of art are usually more dispassionate in their estimate of its intrinsic worth. Cézanne's personal life was almost painfully humdrum, yet he outsells Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Lautrec by far; Matisse, a restrained, professorial type of Frenchman, costs much more than the ragged, drunken, charming Modigliani.

Thus far we have been talking about the leaders of modern art, here and abroad. But the most impressive fact about the current market for American painting and sculpture is not that a few men and women are selling their works for higher prices than a few years ago, but that many more of our artists are able to find buyers. There are many reasons why this should be so, among them the vast increase in art centers throughout the land, a comparable increase in big regional exhibitions, the spread of museums and university art departments, the emergence of rental libraries for pictures, the popularity of traveling shows organized in the large cities and sent across the country. A factor so important that it deserves separate mention is that instalment-plan buying has become standard practice (one dealer told me that almost 60 per cent of the purchases of art by younger collectors are made on a deferred-payment basis).

In terms of volume alone, it is apparently no longer accurate to say that the heart of the market for contemporary American art is in the East. Indeed, another eminent New York dealer has assured me that the Midwest buys more works of art than any other section of the country, with Texas and California—where cultural gestures are not usually modest in proportion—lagging far behind. The number of students in some of the Midwestern art schools is staggering. When these students graduate and go on their professional way an amazing number of them sell their works locally, if not in the bigger centers like Chicago and New York. This is not to say, of course, that artists from the Midwest or anywhere else in the country have an easy time of it these days; most of them must supplement their incomes by teaching or working at other trades. Yet it is safe to claim that at no period in American history have so many artists sold to so many clients. The quality of what is produced and bought is another matter, not to be dealt with here and not open to easy generalization. The important thing is that the climate for art in this country is invigorating and bright compared to what it was a generation ago. And the cash register rings unbelievably often. The individual amounts recorded may not be breathtaking. Their total is.

—James Thrall Soby.

Medieval Visions

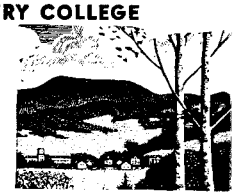
"Gothic Painting" *(Skira. 215 pp. $20) undertakes to present, through 110 illustrations and text by Jacques Dupont and Cesare Gnudi, the main outlines of European painting from 1200 to 1400. Here it is reviewed by Martin Weinberger of the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.*

By Martin Weinberger

As one opens the new Skira volume on "Gothic Painting," and finds its colorful illustrations sometimes on the same page with the text, sometimes facing it, visions of illuminated manuscripts are evoked. Occasionally several scribes were employed in writing the text of these precious books; in Skira's volume, too, the writing of the text was entrusted to a brace of authors. Cesare Gnudi is responsible for the Italian sections, Jacques Dupont for the chapters on French art and some digressions on English, Spanish, and German painting. Still looking at the book in the light of an illuminated manuscript we might be tempted to ask: To what extent did the "text" influence the selection of the illustrations? For there are far more works and painters mentioned than illustrated; more rarely a painting is illustrated without any allusion to it in the text. One might even, for the sake of argument, ask: To what extent did the authors work on a common plan?

It was certainly a praiseworthy idea

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL of ENGLISH
at Bread Loaf, Vt.



36th Session: JUNE 29-AUGUST 13
Director: Reginald L. Cook, Middlebury
Special Lecturers
Robert Frost • Irving Howe • Alfred Kazin

Bread Loaf School of English, uniquely located in a beautiful Green Mountain bowl, offers a varied curriculum by a nationally distinguished faculty at its 36th session.

George Anderson of *Brown*, on Chaucer and History of the English Language.
Warren Beck of *Lawrence*, on Composition and Criticism and the Modern Short Story.
Elizabeth Drew of *Smith*, on Twentieth-Century Poetry.
Arthur Jensen of *Dartmouth*, on Continental Novel and Victorian Poetry.
Hewette Joyce of *Dartmouth*, on Milton and Seventeenth Century Literature.
Arthur Mizener of *Cornell*, on Contemporary American Novel.
Erie Volkert of *Middlebury*, on Stagecraft.
Louis Zahner of *Groton*, on Teaching of English.

Early Application advised. Write for information on admission, courses, degrees to:

The LANGUAGE SCHOOL Office
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE Middlebury 3, Vt.

AMERICANISM
by
GEORGE SANTAYANA
Now Published for the First Time in the
VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
Special Offer for New Subscribers
One Year for $3
Regular Subscription Rates: $4 a year
Single Copies $1 each

The Virginia Quarterly Review
One West Range, Charlottesville, Virginia

Please enter my subscription for one year beginning with the Winter 1955 number at your special rate of $3

Name.....
Address.....
.....

AMERICAN AND FRENCH
19th CENTURY MASTERS
•
WILDENSTEIN
19 E. 64, N. Y.

Free INFORMATION ON Summer CAMPS

Complete information, specific recommendations and catalogs to help you select the camp which meets your child's individual needs.

No charge at any time.

CAMP ADVISORY ASSOCIATION
500 Fifth Ave., (42nd St.) N. Y. C. • PE 6-1660

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the publisher to emphasize the unity of European painting from 1200 to 1400 instead of stressing the differences between North and South, as is usually done. If there was a common bond it must have been the Gothic idea despite all the differences of interpretation and execution. But, unfortunately, M. Dupont's idea of what Gothic is is not the same as Sig. Gnudi's. The general reader, for whose benefit this book was written, has a right to ask: What are the roots of Gothic art? What *is* Gothic art? These questions are not answered by M. Dupont, who talks about the soil but not the roots. France in the thirteenth and fourteenth century, he says, was becoming a unified national state with democratic institutions. This terminology can scarcely be applied to medieval conditions, but even purged of anachronistic and exaggerated claims do such statements help us understand the nature and origin of Gothic painting? And, while the philosophical battles of the thirteenth century were certainly fought at the University of Paris, scholasticism cannot be considered as a purely French movement. Of the two greatest schoolmen one was Italian, the other German; the connections between scholasticism and Gothic art have yet to be revealed convincingly. While M. Dupont's references to politics and philosophy do not help us understand the nature of Gothic art, his presentation of the social and economic background is positively misleading. He describes Gothic painting, in customary terms, as a court art; court art needs a court and a court needs money. But is not the art of Ferrara, Mantua, Urbino of Italy's fifteenth century also court art? In fact, the book ends with Pisanello, whose invention of the medal was one of the great contributions to the spirit of the Renaissance.

THIS practice of looking at the environment in which art is produced rather than at art itself is not so obvious in the chapters written by Sig. Gnudi. While M. Dupont does not mention the fact that Gothic art in the fourteenth century was not a one-way street from Paris, but made intelligent use of Sienese painting, Sig. Gnudi is sufficiently uninhibited to admit Northern infiltration. Occasionally his language seems to have more meaning to the author than to the reader. What, for example, is "imaginary" perspective, how are color planes aligned in zones coordinated by a linear network? He speaks of the "neo-Byzantine" character of Ambrogio Lorenzetti's early work: at this point the role of the Byzantine in the formation and development of

—*From "Gothic Painting."*

Unknown master—"the main outlines."

Gothic painting might have been considered, a subject that should already have come up in the discussion of the Ingeborg Psalter.

Despite these limitations both authors have given us more than we could reasonably expect. A volume of this type cannot attempt to provide a full-dress history. Lists of masters and works not illustrated and undiscussed are meaningless to the general reader and unnecessary to the scholar; insistence on controversial attributions only blurs the clarity of outlines. To keep the outlines clear is more important—and far more difficult—than to show a specialist's knowledge and a specialist's outlook. The weakest section of the book deals with German painting. Cologne, which produced the earliest Northern Gothic panel paintings that are preserved, is barely mentioned and not illustrated. No one believes today that the "Garden of Paradise" is Middle Rhenish. One is surprised to find the provincial Master of Heiligenkreuz illustrated while Berthold von Noerdlingen, an interesting contemporary of the La Manta frescoes, is left out. So are Orcagna and the Master of the Boucicault Hours.

The color reproductions are adequate where they are of the size of the originals. This is practicable when the paintings are miniatures (although some of these appear here reduced). The gold backgrounds, however, with their metallic reflections defy photographic color reproduction. Even so, and despite the unavoidable inflexibility of tone, the miniatures are on the whole enjoyable. The dependence on a scale close to that of the originals accounts for the almost exclusive selection of small details from large paintings, which leaves the reader wondering what the whole may look like. Clearly reproduction in black-and-white of the entire picture would have solved this difficulty.

Ideas

Continued from page 21

attract the attention only of a limited number of professional colleagues may be a matter for regret among those who wish that he would write for a wider public. The choice, however, is his own and one can only hope that some day he will change his practices.

Meanwhile we have in **"Sovereign Reason"** (Free Press, $5) a collection of essays which can serve as an introduction to Mr. Nagel's kind of thinking and to his level of philosophical analysis. It is a series of papers, previously published in various places, in which he discourses on some of the more recondite problems to be found in the work of Peirce, Dewey, Whitehead, Russell, Reichenbach, Eddington, and others. He writes also of the perspectives of science, of reason, and of the relation of these to the American temper. One essay, the first, is called "Malicious Philosophies of Science," by which Mr. Nagel means not that they are motivated by malice but that they are mistaken. His arguments, always cogent, run into inconsistency only in his inability to decide whether scientific theories and philosophic systems are or are not the products of changing historical circumstances and social conditions.

—Robert Bierstedt.

WHEN TIME RUNS OUT: In his introduction to a book by Josef Pieper called **"Leisure, the Basis of Culture"** (Pantheon Books, $2.75) T. S. Eliot remarked that Pieper restores to philosophy the attributes of insight and wisdom. The two essays in the volume are little gems of contemporary philosophical writing, so superior indeed that they won the admiration of many who do not share Pieper's Thomist premises and Catholic predilections. One reads his newer book, **"The End of Time"** (Pantheon Books, $2.75), with a similar reaction but with an enthusiasm which has suffered perhaps a slight diminution.

Here, in what he calls "a meditation on the philosophy of history," Mr. Pieper is speculating, quite literally, on the end of time. What happens to man when history closes and time itself reaches its conclusion? This is the eschatological question, the question which no one has the right to ask but one which no one who indulges in historical reflection can finally avoid. An answer requires more than philosophy, and reason; it requires theology, and revelation. Without an appeal to theology the philosophy of history becomes identical with the sociology of culture,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where it is inevitably either corrupt or incomplete. The sociologist whose enthusiasm is diminished can only reply that at the end of the book, in spite of ideas like the Antichrist and the Apocalypse, and of words like salvation and catastrophe, the end of time remains as obscure as it was at the beginning.—R. B.

INQUIRING MIND: In the midst of the political investigations which disfigure our time it is well to remember that in another time, many years ago, a man whose name was Socrates stood trial in Athens on charges which the citizens of that place considered to be serious. He made the worse appear the better cause, and he taught his doctrines to others.

This story, so well known, needs telling and retelling so long as our civilization survives—and indeed in order to help it to survive. Most of us know it, for the testimony is not top secret. But there are some among us who seem never to have heard of it. Their ignorance may be due in part to a faulty education, and if that is the case Cora Mason's little book **"Socrates: The Man Who Dared to Ask"** (Beacon Press, $2.75) is designed to correct it for a future generation. The book was written by a classical scholar for young people of high-school and early college age, youngsters who may even now be wondering how far a man may go in placing justice before security and rightness of soul before personal or partisan success. If they read this book they will discover that if one went so far in Athens he would forfeit his life, as today he would jeopardize his job.

The book, in brief, tells the story of Socrates, his early life, his philosophical career, and his trial and death. The author's words are so simple, so straightforward and direct, that they cannot fail to teach an adolescent mind. They will surely lead these children to the full story, in the Apology, the Crito, and the Phaedo, and so introduce them to one of the imperishable glories of Western culture. One wonders only why no one thought of doing this before. —R. B.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Night Thoughts" (Edward Young). 2. "To Toussaint L'Ouverture" (Wadsworth). 3. "A Superscription" (D. G. Rossetti). 4. "Paradise Lost"—Book III (Milton). 5. "Don Juan"—Canto XIII (Byron). 6. "Othello"—I, iii (Shakespeare). 7. "Familiar Faces, Long Departed" (Robert Hillyer). 8. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (Samuel Johnson). 9. "The Seasons: Winter" (James Thomson). 10. "The Hind and the Panther" (Dryden).

Germany

Continued from page 19

old days, when one could conquer the air, and so much else besides.

The Third Reich depended upon the Hanna Reitschs with their exceptional skill, courage, and moral indifference. Without them Hitler could not have conquered Europe, and even with their help and Germany's economic power his success was an astounding achievement. For four years Germany ruled an empire which surpassed in size and wealth any that had been established before. During those years the outside world knew little about the administration of this empire. Who ruled, how, and for what end—these are the questions which are rarely asked and which can only now be answered.

"Hitler's Europe," edited by Arnold Toynbee and Veronica M. Toynbee (Oxford University Press, $14.50), is an excellent scholarly account of that empire. Toynbee's introduction gives the theme of the work: Hitler's empire, which represented a kind of forced European integration, suffered from "an administrative and organizational chaos which the triumph of National-Socialism had let loose in the Third Reich and which spread into Hitler's Europe." "Domestic discord . . . breaking the edge of the German war effort . . ." hastened the collapse. And Toynbee laments, "If Hitler's cards had been in the hands . . . of Augustus or Han Lieu Pang or Cyrus what might the thoroughbred man of genius not have made of them?" But Hitler neither established a clear order, nor restrained his jackals from devouring one another, nor mobilized fully the resources of his empire. Terror and brutality there were—but the state which we thought a monolithic giant, responding flawlessly to the command of a resolute leader, was malignant chaos, a victim of its own lawlessness.

The book deals with all parts of occupied Europe, devoting, quite properly, over a third of the book to the structure of Nazi Germany and the changes in policy which followed the absorption of new territories. Hitler commanded his war machine as the final authority, but the chain of command beneath him was hopelessly confused and entangled. Duplication, conflict, and paralysis foiled the full exploitation of German or European resources. Ruthlessness was not enough, and rationality was in full retreat. The New Order was but old chaos, which Himmler's increasingly powerful S.S. formations somehow prevented from falling apart. There was no master-plan for a future Europe, and the immediate tasks were solved by often contradictory improvisations. Hitler rarely interfered; these struggles strengthened his own hold, because the confusion beneath (which he didn't always recognize) proved his indispensability.

For the conquered peoples this chaos brought no relief. Terror and exploitation lost none of their deadliness by being arbitrary and irrational. And in the business of terror the various branches of the Nazi regime were united. The deportation of labor, the shooting of hostages, even the extermination of millions of people occasioned no rift among the German authorities. That this suffering served no purpose, that Europe should have succumbed to its meanest outcast, adds mockery to tragedy.

Toynbee's thesis finds further illustration in a monograph on the destruction of the German foreign service bureaucracy: **"The Wilhelmstrasse: A Study of German Diplomats Under the Nazi Regime,"** by Paul Seabury (University of California Press, $3). After a summary of the history of the Wilhelmstrasse, Mr. Seabury tells how in the beginning of his rule Hitler froze the professional diplomat at his post, stripping him gradually of his power. Foreign policy became Hitler's personal province, and the Foreign Office had to suffer not only his interference but the steady nibbling away of its powers by new agencies. Suffer they did, but silently, as behooves a disciplined bureaucracy that wants to survive. In 1938 the Führer dropped most of the old guard and installed the fawning Ribbentrop as foreign minister. But Ribbentrop turned bureaucratic and battled against the endless encroachments on his authority. Time and again he yielded, reorganizing and reducing the competence of the Wilhelmstrasse until, Mr. Seabury concludes, "With these changes, any pretense of rationality in the Foreign Office's structure had disappeared."

But even the irrational have power, and Mr. Seabury may underestimate the continuing importance of the For-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eign Office after 1940. One regrets his decision to concentrate exclusively on the decline of the Foreign Office bureaucracy and to say so little about foreign policy itself. But within this self-imposed limitation his treatment based on the captured documents is exhaustive. The book's excellence derives from the rigorous scholarship and clear prose, and from the author's awareness of the deeper problems of totalitarianism. Moreover, he has a delightful sense of these bureaucrats as men, with their foibles and failings, and his portraits are superb and charitable. Yet he hides nothing and in his charges is relentlessly specific. In the end, summing up the moral cowardice of the professional bureaucrats, he declines to throw the first stone: "If we would take it upon ourselves to urge that they might have behaved more nobly, we would do well to recognize . . . that similar moral choices confront other men of political responsibility in other circumstances; and that the problem of moral choice under political duress is one which comes to many men—including contemporary Americans—but is avoided by most."

STILL another book, **"German Military Intelligence,"** by Paul Leverkuehn (translated by R. H. Stevens and Constantine FitzGibbon; Frederick A. Praeger, $3.50), notes that "the remarkable thing is that this ramshackle and illogical system functioned as well as it did." The author, a functionary of the Army's secret service and a confidant of its chief, Admiral Canaris, speaks with authority—and regret—on this muddle. As a secret agent in Near Eastern countries, he saw the difficulties involved in building up a counterespionage service, and his professional pride was hurt when the S.S. or Ribbentrop (with his "almost pathological anxiety . . . lest anyone should meddle in foreign affairs . . .") barged in, or when he realized that Hitler rejected everything that ran contrary to his intuition. The Abwehr plotted along, tracking down enemy spies and sending out a few spies of its own. Leverkuehn's resume is no seductive story of cloak-and-dagger men, but a sober, episodic, and almost dull account of the unglamorous and essentially unimportant activities of the secret service.

Some tantalizing tidbits are proffered. Why, for example, did Archbishop Spellman of New York want to see a German representative in March 1943 in Turkey, and how far did the Abwehr's collaboration with Belgian Communists go in the period of the Russo-German Pact? The greatest mystery of the Abwehr was its chief, Admiral Canaris, who may have passively approved of the anti-Hitler conspirators in 1944. In any case Himmler removed him.

The Reich ended as it had lived: in a totality of terror and insanity. A gifted young Frenchman, admirably informed of the relevant facts, named Georges Blond, has caught the drama of **"The Death of Hitler's Germany"** (translated by Frances Frenaye; Macmillan, $4.50). He distorts no fact, but allows his informed, disciplined imagination to play upon this raw data, and to recreate the contradictory, perplexing reality which the historical narrative often reduces to simplicity and lifelessness. His method favors those elements of history—the concrete, the simultaneous, and the individual—which conventionally are often slighted.

He begins with the plot against Hitler in July 1944; after its failure the play had to be acted out to its very end. Relentlessly the Allied armies converged upon the center of this monstrous empire, where the Fuehrer brooded in his bunker, quite mad now, and still true to his vile self. After the Battle of the Bulge was lost Hitler ordered that German territory before being evacuated must be laid waste. The full force of Hitler's hatred had at last turned back upon its source, upon the Germans themselves. Nor were his accomplices spared—Goering and Himmler were condemned as traitors—and only Albert Speer's defiance saved Germany from the full effects of Hitler's vengeance. But much of what was snatched from Hitler's madness was pulverized by the Allies, and in May 1945 Germany ceased to resist—or exist.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 607

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 607 will be found in the next issue.

VKSGB PN ING SYKBY

GN YJHBG QYSKDBY

GCYA KWY HMINWYP.

—KFPNDB CDJFYA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 606

Omelettes are not made without breaking eggs.—Robespierre.

Return to Integrity

Continued from page 8

tors. Then—if accepted—it is "processed" by them—and by you, too, if you want your money! It is checked for "reader identification," age group, etc., according to a cliché formed in the staff's mind by a "survey."

What emerges has sometimes been smoothed (yes), but with the roughness has gone the writer's specific flavor. The stereotype could have been written by almost anybody. It resembles the saltier original about as much as "processed cheese" resembles a first-class camembert, brie, or liederkranz. I have even been told (in dark corners, of course) of editorial staffs that prefer to commission amateur "authors" who merely submit an "idea" or an "outline" and allow it to be "developed" by the office. Professional writers still have "too much pride of authorship," it seems.

Now, standardized amusements may be harmless (I wonder). But conformist, collective government is low-intelligence government and dubiously capable of solving the kind of life-or-death problems which face us. Regimentation, whether imposed or voluntary, is debasing. Corporation or labor-union interference outside the job robs people of what should be dearest to them—their privacy.

Equally disturbing are the human results of "Dynamic Functional Learning." Visit any of our overseas military camps and see what remains of our young people once they can no longer lean for support upon the corner drugstore or the gang. Around the small minority of "self-directed" soldiers happy to be making the most of exciting and novel surrounding you find a lackluster majority, devouring their horror comics, mooning uncomprehendingly around Pompeii, the Parthenon, Westminster Abbey, or Notre Dame, pining for home—or getting into serious trouble.

"Why," asks Riesman innocently, "are American young people so frequently aimless, lacking private passions and pursuits [in other words half dead] when a greater variety of skilled careers are open to them than ever before?"

Obviously, because they have been trained to eschew private passions and pursuits (the thrills of life) and pursue only the inevitably tepid aims which they find they have in common.

One can understand underpaid schoolteachers succumbing to the selfish economic pressure of businessmen who want "homogenized" young people to fit into their "homogenized"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

administrations. But how explain the support of the intellectuals? Yet educators, psychologists, sociologists, social reformers go yelping along the neo-tribal trails.

Here surely is a new and fantastic *trahison des clercs*. Here are fine minds renouncing traditional intellectual and cultural values—in deference to what? To undemonstrated theories that deny the dignity of man! To an easy acceptance of "conventional happiness" as the goal worthiest of pursuit! And—sometimes—to a calculated acquiesence in the demands of leading citizens with personal axes to grind!

There is also something incongruous in their surrender. These leaders —or most of them—say that they are alarmed by the current trends toward intolerance and the garrison state. They deplore the fifteen years of slow whittling away of basic liberties, from the Smith Act through the Vinson Supreme Court decisions to the Oppenheimer case. Yet those were logical examples of the very herd spirit which they are consciously promoting.

Surely in times of anxiety it is the duty of leaders to make life tolerable not by encouraging herd warmth but by fostering the unique exaltation that lies in danger bravely faced. Have they forgot the ancient truth that to know how to live one must know how to die?

In its way this apostasy is as strange as the admiration that some of them developed for Soviet Marxism in the Thirties.

Obviously, it is not a question of blaming anybody but of replacing the "integrators" by the opposite kind of leaders. To keep the all but overwhelming impersonal factors of the age from leading us along the garden path of mediocracy straight into some sort of fascism (white or red) they will have to cultivate the exceptional in each and the prestige of the lonely. They must start preaching even to the least gifted, "Look, you too can be Somebody."

They will have to accept—as Friedrich Nietzsche, a philosopher whom I have otherwise never liked, proclaimed, plagiarizing Jesus—that present mankind is not something to be standardized or thrown back into primitive anonymity, but *surpassed*. And spiritual evolution is strictly individual business.

How do we start?

My own conversion to non-conformity began at an early age. More specifically, it started when, at the age of ten or twelve, I became aware that the most interesting distinction among people of all ages whom I knew was between *the many who accepted group standards as authoritative and the few who stubbornly insisted on thinking things out for themselves.*

"E pur si muove."

—Justus, *Minneapolis Star*

"Finding a Good Security Risk Isn't Easy!"

This brought me into some conflict both in the public schools and a couple of American universities which I attended. It also brought me some personal uncertainty especially when I discovered that at the state university conformity both of intellect and habits was all but indispensable to the highest success. Could individualism be wrong?

Nevertheless, I stuck it out. I was fortified by what I read about great individuals and by the few really great people I began to meet—Jane Addams, Henrik Christian Andersen, and President Thomas Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. I also found comfort in certain writers. I can remember my joy when, studying in the freer atmosphere of the University of Paris, I came upon the passage by Nietzsche (well known, but not to me):

"The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently."

GRADUALLY, with the experience of an international correspondent in most parts of the world, all doubts departed. I remember a few supreme experiences.

One was that day in Berlin in the Twenties when my young friend Dr. H. was late for lunch.

"Please excuse me," he panted. "I have been first delayed and then cut down to size by the great Professor Kraus of Munich."

"Cut down?"

"And how! Our director asked me to show the professor over the hospital. He inspected almost everything. Then before one closed door he stopped and asked:

'What is in there?'

"That was my undoing. 'Nothing that would interest you, Professor,' I answered stupidly. 'Just a bunch of neurotics.'

"He withered me. 'Young man, don't be a damn fool. God bless the neurotics! But for them we should still be living in the caves'."

It may of course be argued that, while total submission to a tyrant and an atheistic doctrine is lamentable, acceptance of group or majority standards is invaluable "adjustment" and leads to the highest happiness "for most people." Moreover, it is the "soul of democracy."

It may be so argued—but unconvincingly.

Majority rule without constitutional checks is also a form of tyranny. But such rule need not lead to the ultimate surrender. A minority who submit to a majority do not abdicate their personal judgment. Instead, they cling to their views and persist in their efforts to become a majority.

A true democracy—as I see it—must rest upon fact, not upon fiction. Since people are obviously born "free but different" a true democracy protects minorities and welcomes originality. It seeks to develop the personality of each child individually to the fullest extent to which this development does not substantially prevent or restrict the development of other personalities.

Old stuff? And how!—but it has been discredited or forgotten. Instead, present education is producing young people who—Riesman says—"*cannot make decisions because they no longer know what they want and what they do not want.*" Now old Jeremy Bentham also sought the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." But he declared that "he who is not a judge of what is agreeable to him is less than a child; he is an idiot." Consequently, a society "integrated" to the point of similar idiocy is a pushover for a bold (or glib) adventurer who offers to remove the burden of choice from his fellows. It is an ancient truism that mass rule leads to tyranny.

But if it makes the majority happy? Here we reach deep into the matter.

This is a field where no amount of argument can settle anything. Nor is there any proof of the superiority of one's own belief—except that it is one's own and has grown out of one's own total experience. (Indeed, as Carl G. Jung has written, "There is nothing to prevent the speculative intellect from treating the *psyche* as a complicated biochemical phenomenon . . . or regarding the unpredictable behavior of electrons as the sign of mental life in them.")

After a moment's puzzlement I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too caught on. Of course. Progress—if it exists—is the work of the dissatisfied.

Of all the dissatisfied the neurotics are the most. Many neurotics are unproductive. But some of the greatest human benefactors have been neurotic. And all great individuals share with the neurotics the fact of positive non-conformity and self-direction. Therefore, human progress is the responsibility of the self-directed. Every individual who can should therefore seek to be self-directing, regardless of the handicaps and suffering which that search may entail. Nobody should deliberately delegate his judgment to any group or individual. The most dangerous Italians and Germans under Fascism were not those who forced castor oil down dissidents' throats and *heiled* Hitler. They were those who failed to laugh (at least inwardly) when it was announced that "Mussolini is always right" or that Herman Goering "will decide who is a real Jew."

INEVITABLY, I suppose, the most perfect example of "group adjustment" I found was in the USSR in the Thirties. Angarskaya was my interpreter, an educated woman, the wife of a college professor and Party member.

Except on the occasion when she threatened to have the hotel waiter sent to a labor camp for accepting a tip we got along well. She was intelligent and full of factual information about everything. Yet she never uttered an opinion of her own.

"Marx wrote to Engels . . ." "Lenin warned us . . ." "The Comintern has decided . . ." and unendingly, "Stalin says," "Stalin thinks," "Stalin wants us to," "Stalin told Voroshilov," *ad nauseam.*

Here clearly was the perfect "integration." I determined to test its strength.

One day when she asked me the time of day, I let her have it.

Carefully I peered at my watch. Then sweetly:

"Stalin says it is a quarter to five."

Angarskaya said nothing then. And she never again quoted the Communist Fathers. Instead she retreated into her "group." She "had no opinion" or "did not know." There was still no question of her thinking for herself, or, at least, of her acknowledging such thought. That would have been heresy.

Enough therefore to explain that, for me, the good life is the search for excellence. Excellence at its origin can be only individual. Man's will is free. It follows therefore that the deliberate furthering of social adjustment as the highest human aim is immoral. *The alternative to "integration" is personal integrity based on personal responsibility.*

Men and women do not achieve integrity by pursuing the negative virtues—adjustment, security, or even conventional happiness. (What is one to think of a country where a radio recruiter announces that "for all-round security there's nothing like the U.S. Army"?) They achieve excellence (and the highest happiness) by accepting burdens. A healthy people thrives under troubles, as our ancestors well knew. Tocqueville says of the Americans of his time:

"Life would have no relish if they were delivered from the anxieties which harass them."

What a change from the processions of defeated folk trooping to the psychiatrist in search of "adjustment" and of the courage to accept, each, "his difference" (to quote Frost).

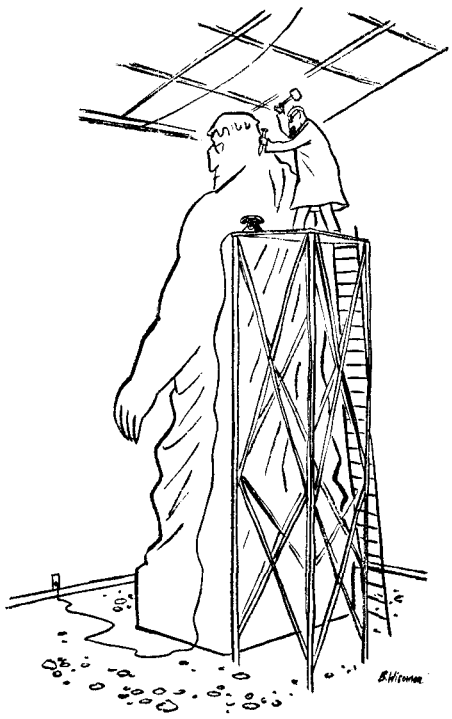
Here one hears two separate types of protest. The first alleges that a return to individualism would be undesirable. The second pronounces it impossible.

Both merit attention. Argument One fears a return to "anarchy" and "uninhibited competition." The contemporary crisis—so it runs—calls not for less but for *more cooperation* if our country and our civilization are to survive. In fact, survival calls for worldwide cooperation. And again, how can anyone advocate a return to the ancient "cruelty of competition" at a time when we have tempered the rigors of natural inequality from our schools, our labor unions, and even—it would seem—from our larger corporations?

Well, nobody is asking Americans to quit "giving to Eisenhower what is Eisenhower's and to General Motors what is Charley Wilson's"—to cease, that is, being either patriotic or productive. *Voluntary* group effort—even when it leads to timewasting *Vereinsmeierei* (to use an apt German term for our limitless *joining*) does not preclude self-direction. Harmful is only *induced* or *enforced* integration.

Recognizing that no man is an island unto himself should not preclude anyone's chance of becoming a high and rugged promontory jutting out into the future and recognized as giving shape to the human continent. The safeguard against tyranny is not faceless conformity but the presence of many individualized persons who refuse either to submit or serve.

Nor is there any present danger of revived excessive competition. At least two kinds of competition are, indeed, beneficial under all circumstances: 1) emulating outstanding leaders, past and present; 2) pitting oneself against the task. The benefits of the first are—or were once—obvious. The second is what golfers call *medal play* (rather than *match play*). For all history shows that competition is necessary to temper the human will—obviously the greatest need of our self-indulgent society.



Far more damaging to my thesis is the belief that what I advocate is impossible. What folly to pit Lilliput against Leviathan! What can one or a million individualists do against the trend of the age? How stage a revolt against the overwhelming power of the impersonal factors—technology, communications, swelling government, galloping capitalism, spreading trade unionism—not to speak of superweapons. Don't I know that these are children of humanity's insistence on a better material life? Do I think that the public will for a moment forego the abundance of mass production techniques, the security of mass organization, the many services that only a swollen bureaucracy can provide? Do I think the H-bomb and guided missiles will go away?

Against these great impersonal factors making for conformity a call for individualism is like defeated Roland's horn at Roncevalles—merely "sad." Self-direction is as antiquated as knight-errantry. (And anyhow most people, craving the warmth of the herd, are happier when integrated and incapable of making decisions.)

This—the argument of the "integrators"—is powerful. It is founded on the firm conviction that babies are the "raw material of character patterns" and therefore "infinitely educable." In consequence, environment, the "impersonal factors," are definitive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bucking them is like trying to stop a lava flow.

But suppose the heredity champions are right and people come into this world basically pretty much as they will remain during their lives? If personality is *inborn* rather than shaped, then what? George Santayana has written:

"In the past or the future my language and my borrowed knowledge would have been different. But under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, *I should have had the same philosophy.*" (Italics mine.)

If Santayana is right, then against the "impersonal factors" of our time the greatest impersonal factor of all is present and working against excessive "adjustment." I mean, what is called human nature. Then against every overdevelopment, every deformation, mankind at a certain moment will react and correct the balance. This has happened before. The English reacted to the excessive constriction of Puritanism with the license of the Restoration. Germans fled from the sloppy romanticism of *Sturm und Drang* into a stony *Sachlichkeit* that still makes them the terror of their neighbors. Prohibition turned sober Americans into bootleggers and gin-bibbers.

Having lived among many peoples, from individualist France to totalitarian Russia, Italy, and Germany, I have come to agree with Santayana. I find human nature to be *the most stable of all known factors.* Within mankind are many who *must conform,* some few who are incurably self-directed, and, in the middle, a mass of undecided who can go either way. The difference between society and society is therefore not a matter of the relative numbers of the three types. These seem roughly constant. It is a matter of the relative prestige and influence of the types at a given moment. When, as in the modern world, material advantage has magnified the value of uniformity, the undecided combine with the "integrators" to glorify a sheeplike conformity. When, to the contrary, the self-directed prevail official educators encourage individualism and the society goes in for hero worship. Human nature, instinctively seeking social health, regularly corrects an excess.

All this may seem far-fetched. But in my eyes it is simple fact. Upon it I base my view that today, when the adjustment drive has reached the point of caricature, when the external "impersonal factors" are urging men to be insects, human nature is already quietly busy *erecting a wall against further encroachment.*

The first signs are already in the open. I refer to horror comics and TV, to growing alcohol and drug addiction, to increasing mental breakdowns, and, above all, to multiplying juvenile delinquency of a revoltingly brutal type. The last particularly is a typical reaction against the emptiness of uniformity and the boredom of "group" life. Nothing wakens latent barbarism so quickly as the drab absence of legitimate personal thrills. *Taedium vitae* may not have caused Rome's downfall. It certainly prepared the Roman masses passively to welcome the barbarian invaders.

THEREFORE, the day may not be far distant when further anonymity and integration would cause masses subsequently to welcome any international adventure, however destructive.

If such peril already threatens—as I think it does—then how much greater will be the danger when widespread automation has confronted millions of empty personalities with a vastly increased leisure they have never been taught to fill?

This need never happen. Already articles and books are being written in protest.

In his latest book, "The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution," Adolf Berle, Jr., the American scholar and politician, after describing the fantastic growth of the modern corporation from a voluntary organization to a social institution, wistfully concludes that if the "instincts and impulses" of our universities and philosophers "continue to demand the *self-realization of individuals,* if they continue to call for methods, institutions, and remedies making it *possible for every man to protect his personality against invasion*" (no more group integration!) "then society emerging in the capitalist revolution will continue to be free. . . . So long as speech and thought are free men will always rise capable of transcending the massed effects of any organization or group of organizations."

Are such voices just the last protests of a society doomed by its mechanical ingenuity and its false prophets to be just another meaningless collectivism? If so, then, indeed, we shall be remembered as one more people who, after a brave start, succumbed to excessive indulgence in material things.

Or are they—as I believe—twitchings of the more sensitive human antennae heralding a return to our ancient American heritage of individualism? In which case, after rescuing our society from the "integrators," we may still side-step the herd state.

Because men are still incapable of being angels is no good reason why they should be ants.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

BOOKS

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA & DICTIONARY CATALOGUE FREE. Encyclopaedia Outlet, 1265 Broadway, NYC.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

SAVE 50% to 80%. SEND for FREE bargain catalogue No. 385-SR. UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 123 East 24 St., NYC 10.

"ARTE MAGICA ANNICHILATA." Verona, 1754. 330 pages. Rare. $125. Box V-503.

RECENT LISTS—Amerindians, Anthropology, Basques, Japanese, Linguistics. Which? CARR LINGUISTIC BOOKSELLERS, Warwick, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature. Free. New York Labor News Co., Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., NYC 38.

THE SHOCK OF EXISTENCE by Dr. Robert Creegan portrays clash of ego-logic vs. world freedom. Sci-Art Publishers, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass. $2.75.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

COMPLETE STOCK hard-to-find books. Free service. One of world's largest buyers, sellers since 1900. CRIST BOOKS, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn.

SCARCE BOOKS, genealogies, books on Asia. PARAMOUNT BOOK SERVICE, 39 Hopedale, Allston 34, Boston, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT books on any subject. BAY BOOKS, P.O. Box 2423, San Francisco 26, California.

FIND IT AT BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books. Free search facilities. For 80 years one of the world's largest bookstores. Dept L. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave. (18 St.), NYC 3.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOK-MART, Chicago 40, Illinois.

SECURE your Out-of-Print books from THE AUDUBON BOOK SERVICE, 415 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS at lowest prices! Try us. (No obligation.) INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-F, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE BOOKFINDER will find that wanted book. Box 204, G.P.O., NYC 1.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

FOOD DELICACIES

ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT, uncolored, juiceful, INDIVIDUALLY SELECTED, FOB Groves $3.50 bushel; GIFT SHIPMENTS (throughout USA, Canada); RIOLEMSAT, Palatka, Florida.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 41)

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

WRITERS!—Have you a manuscript you would like to place with publishers? If so, suggest you call on Dan Mead, ORegon 9-1150. Sales in one week included four book contracts! We invite your correspondence and will send free literature by return mail. Write today. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

FICTION, NON-FICTION, and poetry manuscripts marketed directly to editors. New authors encouraged. No charge for reading and editorial advice. SPOON RIVER ASSOCIATES, 3554 73 St., Jackson Heights 72, N. Y.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of Manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING theses, speeches, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPTS PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION by experienced author-editor. Research; revision; professional typing; marketing suggestions. Special rates beginners. KAHN, ENdicott 2-1017 (NYC). Box P-970.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED for publication. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended tor publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

RECORD MART

WE HAVE old Carusos, Astaires, Armstrongs, Leadbellys. BELL MUSIC BOX, 847 Sixth Ave., NYC 1. LOngacre 5-9773.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss Import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). $3.95, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music and records. Free catalogue R25, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

FINE RECORDS made from your favorite tapes. Details free. SOUND SERVICE, 1778 Fulton Ave., East Meadow, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OF USED RECORDS, all varieties. Send wants. Stanley Brile, 3914 Van Buren, Culver City, California.

RECORDISTS! Exchange talking and musical tapes internationally! Box 1404-SR, San Francisco 1.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

PERSONALS

AFGHAN PUPPIES. Three beautiful future champions. Royal blood lines. Joseph Walsh, R.D. 2, Sellersville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

YOUR CARICATURE . . . excitingly captured by professional artist. 8 x 11. Send two snapshots. Satisfaction guaranteed. $2. Kokes Art Studio, 123 So. 39 St., Omaha 3, Nebraska.

PERSONALS

MAKE MONEY AT HOME as renewal headquarters for all magazines. Liberal commissions. No experience, no capital needed. Supplies furnished. Write for FREE catalogue. McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

22nd WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains. July 25-August 12. Outstanding staff. Write Don Saunders, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

WORLD'S first and only Gallery exclusively for African Sculptures. SEGY GALLERY, 708 Lexington Ave., NYC. Catalogue on request.

Ph.D. CANDIDATE (Psychology)—Companion, chauffeur: mechanic, tutor—serve exchange summer travel abroad. Box V-386.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

AWARDS FOR ORIGINAL PLAYS. Three classifications. Deadline February 25. For entrance blanks address DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Stanford, Calif.

ENERGETIC WOMAN FARMER, college-trained, 20 years' experience general farming, wants country job with future. Particular interests—children, Holsteins, growing food for institution, school, or camp. Have small, helpful family. Box V-504.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

CHICAGO: Bachelor, foreign-born, wants room, kitchen privileges. Box V-505.

INTELLIGENT young woman desires travel Europe. Companion, guide, representative. References. Box V-506.

NOW! Conduct your own profitable mail order business. 25¢ brings informative manual. Send today. Box V-338.

FRENCHMAN, creative writer. English story flows, compels attention. Syntax faulty. Search partner rehandle text. Box V-391. Telephone: Long Beach 6-6330, N. Y.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN, Cambridge graduate, Ph.D. in English, with five months to spend in U.S., seeks interesting work, salary not important. Box V-520.

CHILD COMPANION-TUTOR. Young woman graduate student, four years' teaching experience, desires summer employment in Connecticut. Box V-523.

HONORS GRADUATE, railroad-office experience, desires to teach history or geography. Box V-389.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

ALL-EXPENSE TOURS of Washington, D. C., at modest rates are a real treat for guests at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—The Manger Annapolis, Manger Hamilton, and Manger Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Manger Annapolis, Washington 5, for reservations. (Mention this ad for special booklets and detailed information.)

SUMMER THEATRE (Colorado Mountains) needs $2,000 to continue producing the good—and the unusual. Details, Yvonne Fair, Box V-524.

COMEDY WORLD, journal of humorists—entertaining, informative, educational. 50¢ per issue, $4 yearly. Box 835, Grand Central Station, NYC 17.

BEGINNING WRITERS from all parts of the country with a sincere desire to write and sell short stories are invited to study under the editors of WRITER'S DIGEST, foremost writers' magazine. For free details, plus a FREE copy of WRITER'S DIGEST, write Dept. S, WRITER'S DIGEST, 22 East 12 St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

PERSONALS

HEALTHY, resourceful baby sitter (17) will work overseas with summer tourists. Box V-521.

PARK AVENUE SUBLET. One-room efficiency apartment, furnished. $200 monthly. Immediate occupancy. MUrray Hill 5-8858 (NYC).

AM INTERESTED in securing recordings of the highlights of the Army-McCarthy hearings. Box V-513.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

TWO HOURS FROM NEW YORK. Early American house—fascinating antique features blend with modern conveniences. 8 rooms, 2 baths. Wing containing living room, bedroom, bath; ideal guests. Garage. 1½ acres. Box V-515.

For Rent

SUMMER RENTAL, Cape Cod. 3 beds and bath guest house, garage, studio, 400-foot beach. $1,000. Edward L. Harris, Barnstable, Mass.

TRAVEL

COLLEGE PRESIDENT and wife arranging European tour including seven weeks in internationally known French Alps Camp. Children 10-14; Junior Counselors 15-18; Counselors. Box V-392.

A NEW YORK HOTEL specializing in friendliness, comfort, service. Towering 26 stories into the sky. 400 sunny outside rooms overlooking the buildings and gardens of United Nations. On exclusive, historic Beekman Hill. Many of our discriminating guests say, "There is no better hotel value in New York." Transportation at door to entire city. If you come BY AUTO: at 49 St. exit East River Drive . . . Garage adjacent. BY PLANE: 9 blocks on same Avenue from New Airlines Terminal. BY TRAIN: 5 blocks to Grand Central Station. Single $4-$8. Double $8-$15. Suites $12-$22 (some with terraces). Permanent residents invited. Restaurant-Coffee Shop. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. overlooking East River, NYC.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT, Windward Leeward Islands, all seasons; or Greek Isles in summer. Private parties ONLY. Four to six people. Selection of well-appointed vessels with crews. About $25 per person, per day. Write AIRMAIL, Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, St. Johns, Antigua, British West Indies.

ENJOY MUSIC & ART TOUR, EUROPE, 8 countries July 3-August 18, adults. Brochure: Dr. Wheelwright, State College, San Francisco 27, California.

42-DAY AIRPLANE TRIP, 9 countries, including Scandinavia; expert guide, all-inclusive cost, $1,150. Write Dr. Bachman, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

EXCEPTIONAL EUROPEAN TOURS, on and off the beaten path. June 8 and August 5, all-inclusive, no hidden expenses. Excellent boats, hotels, meals. $1,180 to $1,480. Expertly conducted by Dr. Sharton, member of Transatlantic Conference. Write to: DR. SHARTON'S TRANSATLANTIC TOURS, Box 499, Fulton, Missouri.

EUROPE THE RIGHT WAY! Small group . . . countries. Aircoach, superior class Motorcoach with pantry, hostess-guide, teacher escort. 43 days. June 30. $1,295. Write Box V-354.

SPRING AND SUMMER Economy Tours to Europe. Write ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama. Charming delightful, homelike. Write for folder.

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA. Spend your winter holidays with us in nation's oldest city. Enjoy old-world atmosphere, sincere hospitality, good food, modern comforts. Moderate rates.

DINNER AT BLUEBERRY HILL KEY! Lucullan food. Midway between Miami, Key West. Waters glistening. The Mastertons, Islamorada, Florida.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual, intimate. Ski Tow. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

YOU'LL LOVE the old-world charm of St. Augustine, Florida. ALENCIA HOTEL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1089

By Doris Nash Wortman

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

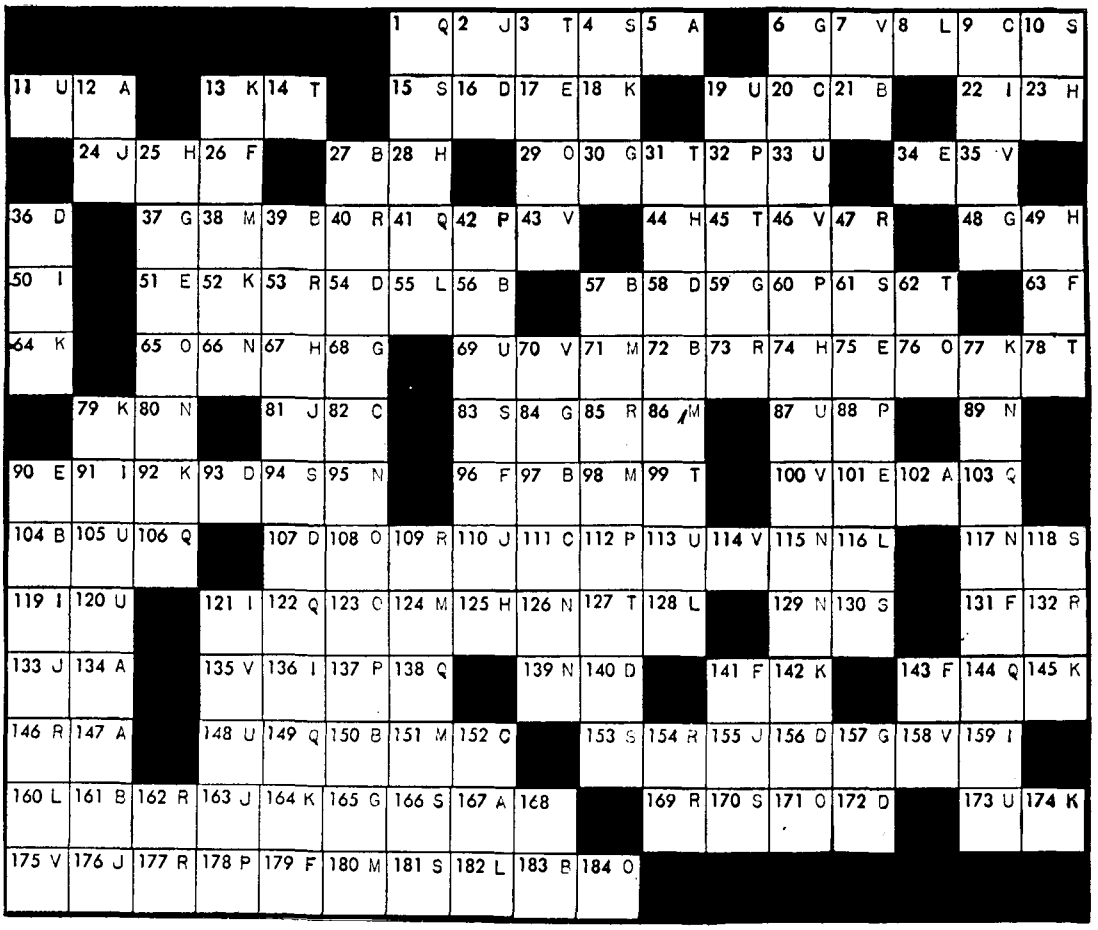
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. U. S. Navy's scornful nickname for a Marine.	12 134 5 147 167 102
B. All garments except outer wear.	39 104 56 21 150 27 97 161 183 72 57
C. Pulls along in quick, strong, twitches.	152 111 20 9 82
D. Bring to a head.	172 36 58 140 93 156 16 54 107
E. Final issue.	51 17 90 101 34 75
F. A drumming (comp.).	179 143 131 141 96 63 26
G. Latticelike.	37 6 59 68 30 165 84 48 157
H. Originally, any place for entertainment of travelers.	49 28 23 25 125 74 67 44
I. Species of an element with same at. no. etc., nearly identical chemically, but different in atomic mass.	22 159 136 168 119 91 50 121
J. Like a sculptured portrait image.	133 163 2 81 155 176 24 110
K. Monkeyshines.	18 92 164 142 13 52 79 145 174 77 64
L. Dutch painter, 17th cent., pupil of Franz Hals and influenced by Rembrandt ("The Smokers," Met Museum).	8 116 128 182 160 55

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Swimmer.	180 98 151 124 86 38 71
N. Cicatricle of a bird's egg.	126 139 66 117 89 80 129 115 95
O. Lou Costello's routine about "Who's" etc. (2 wds.).	171 108 65 76 123 184 29
P. Architect's word for a pediment.	88 42 178 112 60 137 32
Q. Settlement at which trains stop for water (2 wds.).	41 1 103 138 122 149 106 144
R. Member of first All-America football team, 1889, whose nickname was Pudge.	132 47 169 177 73 146 162 53 40 109 154 85
S. Era responsible for furniture designs all known in the U. S. trade as "Duncan Phyfe" (2 wds.).	166 15 130 181 170 61 83 4 94 10 118 153
T. Another colloquialism equivalent to "stand pat" (2 wds.).	62 45 14 3 31 78 127 99
U. Quit (work; 2 wds.).	33 11 19 173 120 105 113 87 69 148
V. A close associate, esp. in marriage.	43 7 46 158 35 114 135 175 70 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
particularly recommends these books

NOTE: *These recent Selections and Alternates are typical of the wide range of books from which members may choose each month.*

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT *by Jim Bishop* **$3.75**

An hour-by-hour narration of events in Washington preceding and immediately following Lincoln's assassination in 1865. Provides new insights into the character of the President, his family and members of his Cabinet. "Has the gripping suspense of a mystery story plus the balance of classic tragedy. . . . Nothing appears to have escaped Mr. Bishop that could add poignance and verisimilitude to the narrative"—John P. Marquand.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER *by Marcia Davenport* **$3.95**

A novel, by the author of *The Valley of Decision*, about two rich eccentric brothers of New York in the days of hansom cabs. "Between its Grecian lines of inevitable tragedy there runs a constant current of gaiety, warmth and humor," said John P. Marquand.

SWEET THURSDAY *by John Steinbeck* **$3.50**

This entertaining new novel, by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Grapes of Wrath*, brings back most of the motley rapscallions of his best-selling *Cannery Row*. "Written in a mood of sunny tolerance," says Clifton Fadiman. "Kicks over conventional traces delightfully"—*Saturday Review*.

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by Bruce Catton*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS **$3.95**

Winner of the 1954 Pulitzer Prize for History. A masterful re-creation of the events of the fateful months of 1864-65, as the Civil War drew to a close. "One of the great achievements in the historical literature of our times"—Henry Steele Commager.

MARY ANNE *by Daphne du Maurier* **$3.50**

A new biographical novel, by the author of *Rebecca* and *My Cousin Rachel*, of a beautiful, pleasure-loving woman of the court of George III. "Delightful, immoral, witty, foolish Mary Anne," reported Clifton Fadiman; "[her] career puts in the shade such fictions as Becky Sharp, Scarlett O'Hara and Miss Winsor's Amber."

THE FALL OF A TITAN *by Igor Gouzenko*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS **$3.95**

An astonishing novel of contemporary Russia written in the great tradition of Tolstoi and Dostoevski. The story deals with Soviet life among the intellectuals and tyrants of Russia from the childhood of the Revolution until shortly before the Second World War. "The book that many of us have been hoping for," reports Henry Seidel Canby.

THE CORNERSTONE *by Zoé Oldenbourg*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS **$3.95**

A novel of chivalry, witchcraft and courtly love that re-creates brilliantly the Middle Ages and its people. "An exceptional event in modern literature. . . . To read *The Cornerstone* is like examining a fine medieval tapestry."—Gilbert Highet.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS *by Mac Hyman*
GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE *by Frances Gray Patton*
SPECIAL COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS **$3.95**

Double Selection. NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS is a hilarious yarn about a warm-hearted G.I. hillbilly who wins a bloodless victory over the United States Army. GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE is a delightful story of a schoolmarm whose character and devotion influenced a whole community.

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL
by Hermann Hagedorn
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS **$3.95**

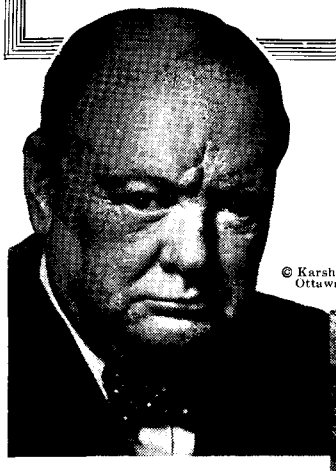
A "beguilingly candid" biography of Theodore Roosevelt and his remarkable family, told against the background of their famous home at Oyster Bay. It is "a story of love and devotion . . . filled with happiness and good feeling," writes John P. Marquand. "What a wonderful time they had!"

AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY *by William O. Douglas*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS **$3.95**

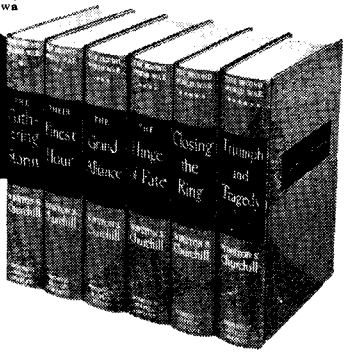
A day-by-day record illuminating the hundreds of historic events out of which Anglo-American concepts of Liberty have developed. "A noble production . . . an inspiring book," reported Allan Nevins.

THE MIND ALIVE *by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet* **$3.75**

A helpful and encouraging new book by the author of *The Mature Mind*, written in collaboration with Mrs. Overstreet and dealing further with the problems of emotional and mental well-being.



© Karsh, Ottawa



Buy any one of them as a new member and you will receive *free*, immediately, the six volumes of *The Second World War* by Winston Churchill—if you agree to buy as few as five additional books during the year. . . . This offer is made as a demonstration of the Club's remarkable Book-Dividend* system explained below.

CONDITIONS OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you would like. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN . . . WHAT IT IS:** After buying six books you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second Selection or Alternate you buy —a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer cooperative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, the Book-Dividends sent *free* to Club members. The six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends for the six books you engage to buy.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A252**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated below. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections — or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

_____
(Choose one of the books listed above)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please PRINT Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED